

Old Heidelberg

WILHELM MEYER-FÖRSTER.

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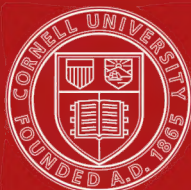
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Old Heidelberg

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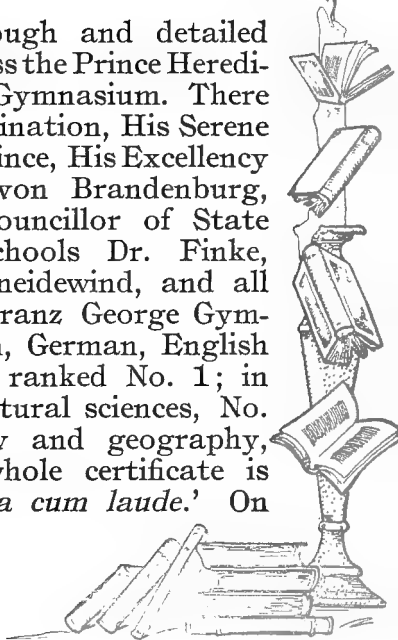
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CHAPTER I

THE official Gazette, a paper which appears in Karlburg every Saturday, brought out, on the 18th of April, the following notice :

“After a most thorough and detailed examination, His Highness the Prince Hereditary graduated from the Gymnasium. There were present, at his examination, His Serene Highness the reigning Prince, His Excellency the Secretary of State von Brandenburg, His Excellency Chief Councillor of State Baer, Councillor of Schools Dr. Finke, Directing Professor Schneidewind, and all the Professors of the Franz George Gymnasium. In Greek, Latin, German, English and French, the Prince ranked No. 1; in mathematics and the natural sciences, No. 2a; in religion, history and geography, Nos. 1 and 2. The whole certificate is No. 1, equal to ‘*Summa cum laude.*’ On



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May 1st, His Highness the Prince will enter the University of Heidelberg for one year. His Serene Highness appointed C. Juttner, Ph.D., as tutor and companion for His Highness. Dr. Juttner has been the tutor of His Highness for the past eight years, and has been rewarded with the title of Councillor of State in appreciation of the examination so splendidly passed."

On the 30th of April, the day before leaving for Heidelberg, the new Councillor of State was commanded to appear before His Serene Highness, the reigning Prince. The Prince, a man old before his time, and with a gloomy face, was sitting before his large writing desk, and opposite to him sat the young Prince.

"Doctor, you know my views; I wish the scientific education of my nephew to be continued in the same serious manner as heretofore. After finishing his year at Heidelberg, the Prince will join the Hussars of the Royal Guard at Potsdam, but until then, I want you to understand that this year at the University must be spent in serious scientific studies, and not in seeking for pleasure. The Prince will find

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opportunities enough in Potsdam in connection with his comrades and equals, to become acquainted with a life of freedom. But until then, I wish his studies and mode of life to continue in the same regular course as heretofore. Have you understood me?"

The little Doctor bowed so low that his Order, the Cross of Saxony, hung at right angles to his breast. Then, with another bow, he was dismissed.

He went through the long, dark corridors to the right wing of the castle, where his two rooms adjoined those of the young Prince. A mouldy air, such as is found only in these old castles, filled the gloomy halls, and the April sun, shining sometimes through the flying rain clouds, found scarcely any room to creep in through the low bow windows. Servants were gliding like shadows through the dark halls, and only when their dim figures passed the windows did their liveries glitter for a second in red and gold.

On the other side of the castle the corridors were still darker, the walls thicker, the windows like loopholes, and the air

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so thick that the Doctor could hardly breathe. He was a friend of good Munich beer, but this very beer had rewarded him badly for his friendship, for it had made him, especially in the last few months, so stout that he suffered with asthma.

"Heidelberg will do you good," said his friend Dr. Schneider, "there at least you can run about and climb mountains."

"Yes, I think Heidelberg will do me good," he kept sighing for weeks.

He was thirty-five, but he looked ten years older.

"It was my misfortune," he often said, "that I came to Court. I was such a merry, joyous fellow, and what has become of me! My ideals are destroyed, liberty has gone, and now my health is broken. They have suffocated me at the castle."

His friends laughed at him, and said :

"Now, look at this doctor; he leads a life like a prince, and while other school-teachers are starving, he dines on the best, buys stocks and bonds, and wins decorations!"

But he said sorrowfully :

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"No, no, it is the truth they have suffocated me up there."

But now, at last, those terrible eight years were over. He sat down in his dress-coat and Orders, and drank his "Cusnier jaune."

Two big trunks were standing packed before him, waiting only for his dress-suit; then the servant could take them away.

Those two dear trunks! Symbols of liberty!

And Heidelberg! To-morrow!

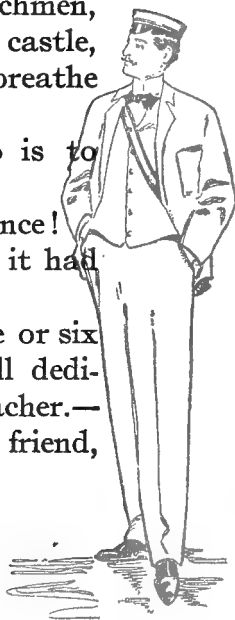
No more of those tedious dinners, no more Secretaries of State and Court Chamberlains, no more lackeys and coachmen, nothing more of this great, terrible castle, where it is an impossibility to breathe properly!

But there is Karl Heinrich, who is to go with him.

Karl Heinrich, the hereditary Prince!

"I could never have stood it if it had not been for that boy."

Before him, on his desk, stood five or six photographs in beautiful frames, all dedicated to him: "To his respected teacher.—Karl Heinrich." "To his very dear friend,



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C. Juttner, Ph.D.—Karl Heinrich.” “To his faithful mentor.—Karl Heinrich.”

The first picture showed a healthy looking boy in a riding suit, about twelve years old, with a pretty, open face, and large eyes like a girl's; the others were of later years. The face had become thinner and more sedate looking, the curls were gone, the hair was cut short, in military fashion.

He took these pictures in his hand, one after another, and, at the same moment, the past eight years passed before his eyes. Those years, with the same tedious daily repetition: dinners, bows, little work and very little pleasure, the envy of his colleagues, many new dress-suits, many new white waist-coats, a high decoration, a great title, always sitting in carriages, always yawning, and, as a result of it all, fatty degeneration of the heart—the same disease from which the Strasbourg geese suffer!

“Go for a walk after dinner for two hours,” that's what his friend preached to him every day; and now, looking at his watch, it was time to begin this tedious, dreaded task.

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But the poor Doctor did not find strength for this great hardship. "First, it may rain at any moment," so he thought, "and, again, it is absolutely of no use to tire myself out on the last day. This will all be changed when I am in Heidelberg; then I will run all day long. I shall, perhaps, get my health back, if I am careful, and if I do not eat and drink too much, and do a lot of mountain climbing with Karl Heinrich."

A nice fire was burning in the open fireplace and he felt very comfortable in his soft, easy chair, so he shut his tired eyes.

When the Prince, about half an hour later, entered the Doctor's room, he found him snoring heavily. He smiled and covered his knees, then he left him quietly.

And the Doctor was dreaming that he had again become as thin and straight as he was fifteen years ago, when he walked into Heidelberg to begin his own studies.

The express train stops in Karlbürg only when the Prince or some high Court official wants to travel by it.

Coming into the open station, the lackeys opened the door of the Prince's waiting-

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room, and the reigning Prince, in General's uniform, leaning heavily on the arm of his nephew, stepped upon the platform. Twice he embraced him, and then the young Prince entered a reserved compartment.

The doors of the other compartments, out of whose windows gazed the curious faces of the travellers, were shut. After a nod from the Court Chamberlain, the station-master gave a signal and the train began to move slowly.

Karl Heinrich was standing at the window, and, once more, bowed respectfully to his uncle, and, just as the train drew out of the station, his eye rested for a moment upon a group of officers and equerries, and then upon some workmen, who were giving him a military salute. A few seconds, and they were all out of sight. He sighed deeply.

But he still remained at the window, while the Doctor was looking for his travelling cap. Karlburg disappeared, for a short distance the train ran through the Langhagen forest, then past Rotenberg and Hude and now—the Prince knew the spot well—the train passed the frontier.

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Once more he sighed deeply. Then he turned round to his companion, who was looking through a travelling bag. He smiled and said: "Are you looking already for the wine, Doctor?"

"No, I have the bottle, but I cannot find the corkscrew. I am dying of thirst."

For some time they talked about this and that, but as usual, the Doctor turned the conversation to his own person. He took out of his pocket a yellow book, entitled: "Nature's Own Cure for Stoutness and Fatty Degeneration of the Heart," and showed the Prince some passages marked in blue.

"I am going to live, from now on, according to this method. No more butter, no fat, no oil, no rice, no turnips, nor anything else that is forbidden. Please read this. It is going to be done in Heidelberg, and that without fail."

Karl Heinrich, who was as straight as a young tree, had studied all the other books about the Doctor's illness, so to please him, he began to read this one, with all its long and tedious recipes: "In the morning, a cup of coffee or tea with

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a little milk, and 75 grammes of bread. At noon, 100 grammes of soup, 200 grammes of boiled beef, 25 grammes of bread. In the evening, two soft-boiled eggs," and so on.

But, finally, it began to tire him.

"This must stop, Doctor, at least for to-day, when we are on our way to Heidelberg." He touched him on the shoulder. "Why, we two are alone and there is no one to annoy us! I can scarcely believe that it is really so. I am going to throw the book out of the window, if you don't put it away."

The Doctor smiled sadly:

"You are right, Karl Heinrich," he said.

But, curiously enough, the pleasure and joy of this day, to which he had been looking forward for weeks and months, would not come now.

"It is too late, now," so he thought, "it ought to have been a year earlier. Karl Heinrich will have to bury me in Heidelberg." And, while the Prince was standing at the window, there rolled over the Doctor's fat cheeks, two tears, which he wiped away with the back of his hand.

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"How quickly everything is passing," said the Prince, "it is marvellous. Just look here, Doctor; how it all flies past us. There is a stork! Here in this meadow, quick, look, come here!"

The Doctor looked out to please him, but he saw no stork. To him the bird was without any interest whatever.

"I could stand all day at the window, when everything is flying past. There are villages and hills, which I have never seen before. There, do you see that mill! Isn't it grand!"

Karl Heinrich was as excited as a child who makes his first railway journey. Only once in his life had he taken a trip, when he went with his uncle to Dresden to pay a visit to the King, but that was years ago. Railways were seldom used in Karlburg, for in this little principedom good horses are quicker and more convenient.

And at all the stations, strange faces—Englishmen, officers, all pushing and hustling each other—with nothing of that quietness and rest as at home in the castle of Karlburg.

In Eisenach and Bebra, Herr Lutz, the

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Prince's valet, came, with hat in hand, to the door of the compartment, to inquire after His Highness' wishes. He did this in such way as to attract the attention of all the other travellers, who stared hard at the Prince.

Karl Heinrich said, with greater violence than was his custom :

"Stop that, I won't have it. Stay in your compartment. I wish to travel without creating excitement."

He wondered at his own audacity in speaking like that to Herr Lutz, for it really was audacity, as Herr Lutz had been, until now, second valet to His Serene Highness, much respected by all Court officials, feared by the lower servants and made much of by all who came with petitions to the Prince. Much had been made of his appointment as valet to the young Prince, for it seemed like a position of confidence and trust, in which he should not alone be his servant, but where he should also watch over his mode of life.

Herr Lutz colored when he was thus addressed, and, for a moment, seemed to lose self-possession; but he controlled himself,

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bowed, and returned to his place in the train.

But, two hours later, when they arrived in Frankfort, hungry and thirsty, and Lutz did not appear, the Prince grew impatient. What was he to do now?

"Quite a simple affair," said the Doctor, "we will go ourselves."

"We ourselves?"

"Yes, we will go to the waiting-room, we have twenty minutes."

"But——"

"What then? It is quite natural that we should go."

"Very well, then."

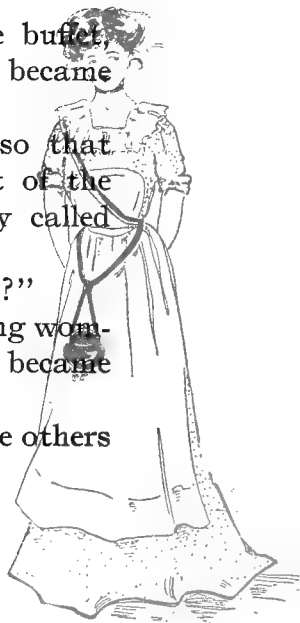
There was a large crowd at the buffet, and for some moments, the two became separated.

Somebody pushed from behind, so that Karl Heinrich came right in front of the buffet; the next moment, somebody called to him:

"With what can I serve you, sir?"

He felt quite upset, and the young woman, a nice girl with coal-black eyes, became impatient:

"Please take something, there are others



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waiting. Do you want sausages or a cold cutlet?"

Quite helpless, he looked for the Doctor, then he took two fat sausages just wrapped up in paper.

"Forty pfennig."

He felt in one pocket, then in another, still in another—in none could he find any money.

"Forty pfennig, sir."

"Yes, yes"—he was still looking for some money.

People behind him crowded and pushed, calling for beer. He felt quite beside himself. Never before had the Prince been in such a situation—in his left hand he held the sausages, and with his right he searched for money. He felt that he was becoming red with shame and embarrassment.

The young woman felt pity for the handsome young fellow, and said:

"Take the sausages now and bring me the money afterwards."

At last, the Doctor had been able to make his way through the crowd, and he paid. They then pushed their way back

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and sat down at an uncovered table, where they quickly swallowed the hot sausages.

"Where are the gentlemen going to?" asked the porter, a big bell in his hand.

"To Heidelberg."

"Well, then, you have another quarter of an hour."

"Here, take a glass of beer!" called the Doctor after him, taking three glasses from the tray of a waiter. The porter came back, thanked them, and said: "I drink to your health. Is the young gentleman a student in Heidelberg?"

"You have guessed it," said the Doctor, who was now in fine humor.

"Then I wish you a happy journey."

"Thanks."

The Prince sat there as in a dream. He took one of the Doctor's cigars and blew the smoke in the air. Two gentlemen came to their table and, without asking or bowing, sat down next to them. Nothing was done with ceremony, everybody came and went as he pleased, nobody troubled himself about any one else. At the next table sat about a dozen young girls with a Sister from a convent, all accompanying a

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friend to the station. The whole twelve seemed to have concentrated their attention on him—Karl Heinrich—but not with awe, like the young ladies of Karlburg, for they looked roguishly at him, smiled, and seemed to enjoy his embarrassment.

“What life here,” said the Doctor, “isn’t it great?”

And the Prince just nodded.

Besides the dozen young girls, there was no one who took any notice of him. Nobody troubled about him. A big, tall man pushed against his chair without apologizing.

“Waiter,” called the Doctor, “bring beer for two and be quick about it.”

Karl Heinrich looked timidly at his companion. It was wonderful how the Doctor found his way in this pandemonium. He hardly recognized him. It was as if he had been frozen in Karlburg and was now thawing out. According to the medical books, he was not allowed to drink beer, and now, he drank two, three glasses, in ten minutes.

The Doctor arose:

“It is time. Frankfort is a fine town, we shall come over next week and enjoy

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ourselves. It is not so far from Heidelberg."

While they were sitting in the train, the young ladies came out of the waiting-room and promenaded up and down. When the train started, they all looked at him, and one of them took out her handkerchief and called out: "Good-bye."

"They are fine girls, these Rhenish girls," laughed the Doctor. "They have more life in them than our young ladies."

Frankfort disappeared, and Karl Heinrich again stood at the window, his hot forehead pressed against the cold glass.

Girls—women—that was something new in his life. Educated in a very strict and cloister-like manner, without friends of his own age, and apart from everything that was not in the closest touch with Court life, he was also kept distant from everything called "woman." The reigning Prince was a widower, without children, and for years there had hardly been any festivals at Court; in fact, the Court at Karlburg was nothing but a bachelor household kept in great style.

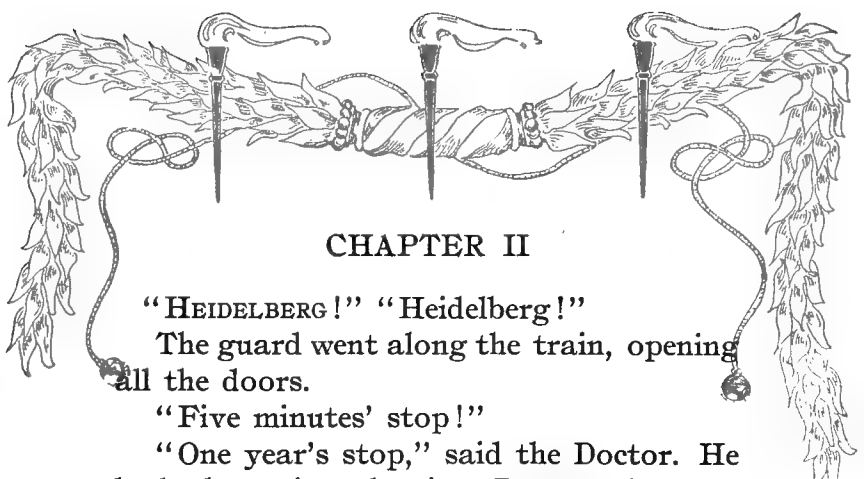
Twilight fell over the country, and when

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the train passed Darmstadt, the villages of the Bergstrasse lay in the dark of the night.

Here and there lights passed, and, somewhere in the West, not an hour's distance, flowed the Rhine. The Rhine! South Germany! Over there, on the right, the mountains of the Odenwald, up to the present known only in geography, and now close by—near enough to touch them!

The train rapidly passed through the night. Farther and farther it carried Karl Heinrich away from the cold North; the joyless youth, the dark castle, and the winter lay behind him.



CHAPTER II

“HEIDELBERG!” “Heidelberg!”

The guard went along the train, opening all the doors.

“Five minutes’ stop!”

“One year’s stop,” said the Doctor. He had slept since leaving Darmstadt, and was now in fine humor. “I feel like a new man, after such a sleep.”

Herr Lutz, eternally with hat in hand, helped His Highness to alight from the compartment. Then he got out the bags and umbrellas and gave them to the Court courier, who had been for three days in Heidelberg to find quarters for His Highness, to lease carriages and to do all that couriers, especially those who travel in advance, have to attend to.

They all went—the courier as guide in front, followed by Herr Lutz—through the long station to where the carriages were waiting.

The courier stopped at a nice landau

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and opened the door, but, just as the Prince was stepping in, the Doctor held him back.

"Let us walk, it is such a beautiful evening."

The courier looked surprised at Herr Lutz; he, just as surprised, at the Prince; and Karl Heinrich, equally astonished, at the Doctor.

"Walk?"

"Yes, and why not?"

"If you think so——"

"Where is the residence?" the Doctor asked of the courier.

"Market Square, No. 18."

"Very well."

And the two actually walked through the town, leaving Herr Lutz, the courier and the carriage, behind in the dark.

Karl Heinrich had never walked much, at least, not in the streets of a town. When he went through Karlburg or other small towns of Saxony-Karlburg, he generally went in a carriage, rarely on horseback, but never walking. It seemed to be an impossibility that the Prince or the hereditary Prince or other foreign Princes, should

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ever touch the Karlburg pavement with their boots.

And why so? Not even the Lord Chamberlain could have given an answer to this, but it seems that old custom had made it a law.

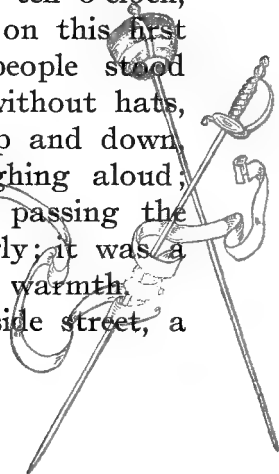
Just as in the station at Frankfort, strange persons passed the Prince; he had to go out of his way, like everybody else, and the cabs coming from the station through the narrow streets, passed him so closely that once he took hold of the Doctor's arm, actually frightened.

"Why, they drive over one here!"

"You have to look out," the Doctor said, dryly.

The streets grew broader, and walking became easier. It was nearly ten o'clock, but the air was so warm, on this first May evening, that many people stood before their houses. Girls, without hats, promenaded, arm in arm, up and down, smiling and sometimes laughing aloud; students, in great numbers, passing the girls, nodded to them familiarly; it was a lively crowd, full of southern warmth.

Music was heard from a side street, a



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crowd of men and boys appeared, and with a large band and many torchlights, a procession of students passed the Prince.

They marched two by two, on each side a torch-bearer, all looking very jolly, and laughing at all the girls they passed.

"What is the matter?" asked the Doctor of a looker-on.

"These are the Korps students, who are celebrating to-day their opening 'Kneipe.' "

First came the Vandaliens, in their red caps, with a golden ribbon representing the Baden colors; then the Saxo-Prussians, in white caps; after these, the green Westphalians, the yellow Suevians, the blue Rhenish and, at last, the dark blue Saxons, wearing little violet bouquets in their caps. The three presidents of each Korps were in full student's uniform: cerevis, velvet coats, white leather trousers, high black riding boots, and swords in their hands.

More than one looked sharply at the Prince, who stood right in front and looked with wide-open eyes at the procession. This elegant looking young man was certainly a new student—perhaps he could be won for their Korps.

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The narrow street had been so crowded with noise and music, men and smoke, that it seemed now, after they had all gone, very quiet and lonely.

“Well,” said the Doctor, with a triumphant smile, as if he alone had arranged this all, “well, wasn’t that fine?”

“Grand!”

“Such things as these happen every day in Heidelberg. They are always jolly.”

They went on, and, in a few minutes, just as the clock in the church tower struck ten, they found themselves at No. 18 Market Place.

When they saw the house, they both hesitated for a moment, for, in spite of its broad and well-lighted vestibule, it did not look as the Prince—and perhaps the Doctor, also—had anticipated. On the left of the entrance was a barber shop, already closed; on the right a large grocery business, where barrels of dill pickles, lentils and dried apples, blocked half the entrance.

The young clerks, and a fat servant girl, were curiously watching Herr Lutz, who had already arrived, and who, with a very

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cross face, was excitedly talking to the frightened Court courier.

"It was the best apartment in the whole town of Heidelberg," said the courier just then, "the most expensive one in the town. There are eight rooms, Herr Lutz."

But Herr Lutz impatiently kicked an empty petroleum barrel with his patent-leather shoe, and said: "You should have telegraphed this. Then we would not have left Karlburg, we would have waited a little, until proper quarters could have been secured."

The Prince and the Doctor now came out of the shadow of the street into the light of the entrance:

"Is this the right place, Lutz?"

"I am sorry to say it is, Your Highness."

The poor courier became white as a sheet.

"Have you looked at the rooms, Lutz?"

"I have Your Highness. It is a very old house, impossible for Your Highness to live in."

The Prince hesitated. This first day's journey, with all its new impressions and

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new ideas, had already considerably shaken his views. He saw everything in a new light, but still, he was not yet able to correctly judge all the things surrounding him.

Should he enter this house at all, or not? There was such a look of helplessness on his handsome and youthful face, that Herr Lutz believed he could win back all the prestige which he thought he had lost in the morning.

“Would Your Highness prefer to go to the Prinz Carl Hotel? It is only a hundred yards from here and the trunks can be brought over at once.”

Here the Doctor spoke up:

“Why not have a look at the apartment first?”

The Prince nodded assent, and they entered the house.

Herr Lutz had lost again. Until to-day this Doctor had been to him the most indifferent of men. He was only a school-master, such a one as Princes want, a man whose position at Court counted for nothing, and whose influence, compared with that of a valet to the reigning Prince,

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is as nothing. And now, this, to him! The fat fellow took it into his head to treat him, Lutz, like a lackey! Why, he acted as if he had been the Prince himself!

He ground his teeth: "I shall repay you for this!"

The stone flooring in the vestibule had been freshly cleaned and was covered with white sand; in every corner of the stairs stood brightly burning lamps, both large and small; the strong bannister was so heavily covered with evergreens that it could not serve the purpose for which it was intended. Upstairs, they heard voices, the rustle of women's garments, a loud: "He is coming!"—then a closing of doors, and then, solemn silence.

When the Prince, followed by his small suite and also by the clerks and the fat servant, arrived on the first landing, they found three old women and a young girl, all bowing deeply to him and waiting to receive him. He recovered his self-possession at once, now, for he knew such receptions only too well. Again he was the Prince before whom everybody bows.

The girl, with a bouquet of lilacs in her

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hand advanced a step and again made a deep reverence. Then looking, with her large brown eyes, straight into his, she said, in a clear voice, without fear :

“Welcome to our Neckar valley,
To the place to us so dear,
To the dreams and joys of students
And the life of freedom here,
And as token of this welcome
Lilacs now I bring to you,
And I ask that later memories
Shall be faithful, fond and true.”

“Please take it,” and she offered the bouquet to him.

Karl Heinrich had been standing there like a statue, with his eyes and those of the girl fixed upon each other. One of the old women addressed him now, and said :

“Will Your Highness do me the great honor to look at the rooms? I am Frau Dorffel.”

He nodded. He wanted to say something to her and to the girl also, but no words passed his lips.

Politely, with the large bouquet in his hand, he followed the old lady, who first

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triumphantly showed him the sitting-rooms. "It is here," she said, "that Count von Bredow lived last year." Then his bedroom; then, further on, two nice little rooms, "for the Doctor," and then a rather poorly furnished back room "for the servant." Herr Lutz, who followed two steps behind the Prince, turned as pale as a sheet. "Servant!" Why, that word sounded horrible.

Karl Heinrich also seemed to feel the injustice of the term.

"You mean the room for my valet?"

"Yes, for him."

The good woman had not yet finished: with lamp in hand, she showed him every room, "for one should become familiar with a new apartment," she said, and the Prince followed her obediently, still carrying the bouquet, and smiling only once. At last, they returned to the large sitting-room.

A small table was covered with plates, beer bottles, wine caraffes, bread and butter and cold meat. In the center stood a large cake, surrounded with ivy leaves, with three roses looking out of the hollow in its center.

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"Now, if Your Highness would care to eat——"

"Yes, thank you."

There was no further talk of going to the hotel.

"Now, you all get out of here!" called Frau Dorffel, for besides the Doctor, Lutz, the courier and the four women, there were the two clerks and the fat servant girl, who had accompanied them and who were now looking curiously at the arrangement of the table.

"Does Your Highness wish for anything else?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, everything is there; fresh water, towels, candles, matches—Katie, see if there are any matches in the bedroom."

The young girl went in and looked: "Yes, there are two boxes."

"Good-night, then, Your Highness. I hope you will sleep well after your long journey, and that you will have pleasant dreams."

"Thank you."

He took her fat hand and felt a kindly pressure on his own. The young girl also



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came up to him and wished him a good night's rest.

Midnight. All was quiet, everyone was asleep, even Herr Lutz, who had for about an hour walked up and down in his little hole of a room, like a tiger in his cage. There was no wardrobe in this room, only a few hooks concealed by a cotton curtain. No mirror, no special washing table, and such a common iron bed, covered with figured calico.

"I am not going to sleep in that bed. I'd rather keep awake all night."

As an only ornament, there was a picture of Saint Sebastian hanging over the bed. The Saint, though bound to a tree and pierced with many arrows, looked almost smilingly into the world. Herr Lutz found no pleasure in looking at this patient Saint. He was a man cast in a different mould. "Just wait until to-morrow," he thought, "just wait! I shall write to the Lord Chamberlain—no, I shall even write to his Serene Highness."

A sandwich and a bottle of beer had been placed in his room. He would have preferred to throw them out of the window,

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but now he felt hungry and, sitting on the colored bed, he ate and drank his poor supper.

Cheese!

The tears nearly came into his eyes with rage.

What would the lackeys in Karzburg have said, if they had seen him here, like this! He, Herr Lutz, who, every evening must have a good glass of claret and whose stomach had, for years, been so bad that the chef was in a continual worry how to satisfy him!

If, in this hour, Herr Lutz had had his way, he would have blown Heidleberg into the air. He would have bound the courier before one cannon, the Doctor before another, and the woman too!

Herr Lutz did not think so cruelly about the Prince, but he hoped that Karl Heinrich would himself feel the consequences of his haste and stupidity. "I bet he won't stay here!"

But, at last, all-comforting sleep brought peaceful dreams to the worn out Lutz.

The Doctor lay heavily snoring. Indeed, under any circumstances, be it in carriage,

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chair, railway or bed, he slept well—only too well for his thickening blood.

Karl Heinrich was the only one still awake. He tried to sleep, but could not; this day had brought too many new things.

He twisted and turned in his bed, which was as dainty as a lady's and, at last, he struck a light and got up.

It was a remarkable room, with furniture of olden times, chairs with high backs and thin legs, a sofa and, over that, a golden clock under a glass cover.

On the window-sills were long red cushions, with embroidered covers, and the windows themselves were Dutch sash windows, composed of many little panes, and the Prince only discovered their working after a time.

There was a curious, but not disagreeable smell in the room, partly of fresh linen and partly of apples. With light in hand, he looked at the pictures: Paul and Virginia, The Disturbed Wedding, Bismarck, The Spanish Dancer—Lola Montez, then again Paul and Virginia, a student's fight, and, all over the room, any number of students' photographs, all in the same

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cheap frames. Most of them had a dedication: "To Frau Dorffel,"—most likely pictures of those who had once lived there. Some of these pictures were only silhouettes, but the colors of the cap and of the sash were never omitted. Many of the pictures were old—1848-9, 1853, 1854-5. Forgotten people, perhaps long since dead. They had all slept in the old oak bed, had all looked out of that window. An eternal coming and going, always new faces, new youth—always new youth. And now he was the new one! Karl Heinrich! The heir of all the others! Attentively he looked at one photograph after another—many of the names he knew—Karl Hohenlohe, Furstenberg, Prinz Weimar, Bredow—

Then he opened the window and looked out on the market place, where, here and there, burned a gaslight. The night was as warm as in July and he breathed the soft air deeply.

From time to time, the music struck up in the Prince Karl Hotel, where the student festival was being held, and clearly, through the quiet night, could be heard the strong voices of the students:

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“O alte Burschenherrlichkeit.”

The stars shone brightly above the houses and only occasionally could he hear any footsteps on the streets.

He was so tired that his eyes nearly closed, but, smiling, smiling as only one can who feels perfectly happy, he remained leaning at the window, until the first cocks crowed and until the eastern sky above the Neckar valley grew light.

CHAPTER III

"COME IN."

"May I bring your breakfast?"

It was the young girl of last night who entered the room.

Karl Heinrich was still in his shirt-sleeves—he thought it was Herr Lutz who had knocked. For a moment, he was so surprised that he forgot to answer her amiable "Good morning."

"Did Your Highness sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you."

"The bed is quite soft," she said, touching the embroidered pillows, "but princes are accustomed to that."

While she laid the table, he looked everywhere for his coat, but could not find it; it was either in the next room, or Herr Lutz had taken it out.

"Shall I pour the coffee?"

"Yes, thank you."

"One piece of sugar or two?"

"One, please."

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He was still looking for his coat. The whole situation was so new to him that he did not dare look at Katie.

"What are you looking for?"

"Nothing."

"Won't you taste the coffee?"

She cut up the bread and put butter on it: "Here you are," she said.

"Thank you."

Her innocent actions made him quieter, so that, in spite of his shirt-sleeves, he sat down and began to eat. The girl leaned on an armchair and watched him.

"Does it taste all right?"

"Yes, thank you."

He was so short in his answers that, for a moment, she herself felt embarrassed, but only for a moment. "He is a prince," she thought to herself, "and they are always a little bit tiresome." Otherwise, she was immensely pleased with him. What a fine waistcoat he had on, and the beautiful silk tie, and his face,—why, with his fair hair, he looked almost like an Englishman.

The door opened and Herr Lutz entered, or, rather, he did not enter, but stood there, totally dumbfounded.

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The Prince in shirt-sleeves, taking his breakfast, and that impudent person looking on!

"Your Highness!"

"What is the matter?"

"The breakfast——"

"Well, what is it?"

"The breakfast. I see Your Highness has it already?"

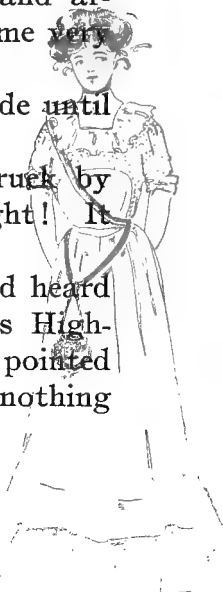
"Yes, the young lady brought it."

Karl Heinrich said this in a slightly embarrassed tone, for, naturally, it would hurt Herr Lutz to have strangers assume his rights and duties; but Herr Lutz made such an offended, stupid, wicked and arrogant face, that the Prince became very cross.

"Leave the room! Wait outside until I call you!"

Herr Lutz stood there as if struck by lightning. He had not heard aright! It could not be possible!

But, at any rate, whether he had heard rightly or not, the pointing of His Highness' hand was extremely clear. It pointed right to the corridor and there was nothing to do but leave the room.



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There he had to stand in the draughty corridor, over the floors of which the fat servant girl continually poured water. The only safe place was his horrible back room, but there he found Frau Dorffel, who was washing the floor. "Stay outside, I am cleaning here now."

So up and down he walked, in his thin patent-leather shoes, on the wet floor before the Prince's door, and waited. Either in the railway or last night, in that miserable bed, he must have caught a cold. He sneezed three times, six times, twenty times, again and again, and every time, the fat scrub woman wished him "Your health, sir!"

"Wait until I call you," so the Prince had told him, but he did not think of doing so.

And the girl didn't come out of the room, either.

Herr Lutz placed his ear at the door and tried to listen, but could hear their conversation but indistinctly.

"This is scandalous," he thought, "it begins fine, and the first day, too!"

So he waited a quarter of an hour, a

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half hour, three quarters of an hour. At last he grew nearly desperate. The fat servant had gone, everything was quiet, only the wreathed sign of "Welcome" laughed in his face.

Karl Heinrich, still in his shirt-sleeves, was sitting in his armchair, smoking one cigarette after the other, and listening laughingly to Miss Katie's chatter.

What a lot she had told him in this one hour; that she was eighteen years old, that she came from Krems on the Donau, very far away, how many student Korps there were in Heidelberg and where they had their drinking places, the name of the rector, that the great poet Victor von Scheffel was then in Heidelberg, that next week there was to be a torchlight procession, that she had two of her best friends who became engaged on the same day, that wine was very dear this year, but good, and so on. Then she began to question him like a judge:

"Have you ever been in Heidelberg before?"

"No."

"Or in Tübingen?"

"Nor there, either."

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"Have you any brothers?"

"No."

"Or sisters?"

"No."

"Or parents?"

"They are dead."

"Oh! how terrible!"

She looked at him with as much pity as if he had just come from the cemetery, but then it came to her mind that she fared no better.

"My parents are also dead."

"Oh!"

And in spite of the bright sunshine and their former good humor, they looked at each other with the conventional expression of sorrow.

"For Frau Dorffel is only my aunt, or great-aunt. I am only here to help her."

She had cleared the table more than half an hour before, but still held the tray in her hands, and, sitting on the arm of the easy chair, she looked very downhearted. Karl Heinrich silently looked at her. She really seemed quite foreign, so different from the blond girls in Karlbürg. The face was

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brown, the curly hair very dark and the eyes jet black. There was something very graceful in her figure, and her whole appearance was almost gypsy-like.

She shook herself, as if to put off these sentimental feelings.

"I don't like to go back to Austria. I always should like to stay in Heidelberg, it is so beautiful here." Before he could reply, she continued, with a quick change of thought:

"Did you like that poem which I recited to you yesterday?"

"Yes," he said, gallantly, "I found it beautiful."

"No, it was not beautiful."

"No?"

"I did not want to learn it by heart, at first, but aunt, Frau Dorffel, insisted upon it. Now, if you had looked differently when you came up-stairs, I would have given you the flowers, but would not have recited the poem."

"Look differently? How should I have looked differently?"

"Well—so——," she colored up, "I don't know."

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Laughingly he got up and came over to her.

“Miss Katie, how did you want me to look?”

He put his arm round her shoulder and bent close to her. For a few seconds they looked at each other, then he kissed her.

His first kiss.

The girl couldn't defend herself, for, in her hands, she held the tray with coffee-pot, butter-dish and cups; but, as he wanted to follow up the first with a second kiss, she stepped backwards.

“No, no!”

“Katie——”

“I won't have it! I won't have it!” She stamped her foot and for a moment she looked very angry.

Then there came an awkward little pause; she took the tray on her left arm, brushed back her black locks with her right hand, and said:

“I want you to know, now and for always, that I have been engaged to be married for nearly a year.”

Karl Heinrich was very much embarrassed, he felt very stupid. He was going

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to say something, but could only stammer a few words. His first modest love affair was a total failure. Under those circumstances, he imagined, perhaps, that he had committed an unpardonable crime, a shameful act, against this trustful, open-hearted girl; at any rate, his face showed such repentance that she was angry with herself, now, for having talked in such a harsh manner to this handsome young Prince. How charming he looked, with his frightened red face. Why, he was really a darling!

To comfort him, she said:

"Well, one can call it an engagement. But Franzl must wait a long time yet for the wedding. He wants it badly enough, but I will not have it. Do you think I talk with a strong Austrian accent?"

"Austrian accent?" he didn't understand what she wanted; this jumping from one subject to another entirely confused him.

"I have lost my Austrian accent because I don't like it, and because Franzl talks like that. He is a Viennese."

"Indeed!"

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“Did you think that he lived here in Heidelberg?”

Karl Heinrich had really not thought about this at all, because it had all been too quick for him, but, to reply, he said :

“Yes, I thought so.”

Katie laughed, as if he had made an excellent joke, she had to set the tray down on the table, for her violent laughter endangered the cups. “Franzl has never been out of Vienna in his life, except to Hungary. He is such an awfully slow fellow. Do you know what he does? He deals in horses.”

“In what?”

“He buys horses for cabs, in which pursuit he is clever. Some time ago, he brought two snow-white horses from Hungary, which he sold afterwards to Count Nicky Esterhazy.”

“But——”

“Look here, this is Franzl.” She turned round and took out of her dress a small photograph, which had lain on a very warm place over her heart.

He looked at the picture and Katie’s

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head bent over his arm so that she might also have a view of it.

"Isn't he handsome?"

"Very!"

"The moustache is the best, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed!"

Franzl had had the photograph taken in full dress, a rose in his buttonhole, a top hat with a flat brim, a little on one side of his head, a long, thin Virginia cigar in his mouth, and in his extremely large, gloved hand, a whip mounted with a silver horse's head.

Doesn't he look smart?"

"Hm!"

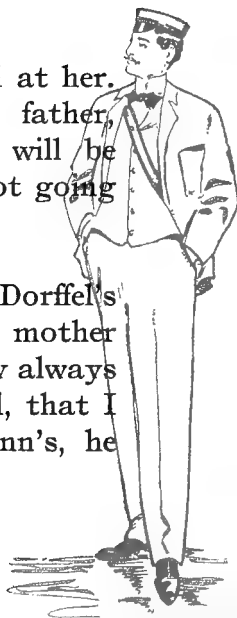
"And still, I won't have him."

He looked very much surprised at her.

"First, he might easily be my father, for on Peter and Paul's day he will be thirty-two, and, secondly, I am not going to Vienna,—I don't like it."

"But——"

"It's this way. Great-aunt Dorffel's brother was Franzl's father and my mother was cousin to Franzl's father. They always said, even when I was quite small, that I should marry him. Last St. Johann's, he



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wrote to ask me if I would, and they all said I should. Then I said 'Yes,' but I also said: 'Not directly, for I want to wait a little while.'"

She took the picture and looked at it pensively.

"He is really a good fellow. Look at his eyes?"

Karl Heinrich grew first hot and then cold, with all her talking. She was standing so close to him that her dark locks touched his shoulder, and, speaking quickly and excitedly, her young breast rose and fell under her close-fitting waist.

"Well, everybody has to marry. Isn't that so? And I can't stay forever in Heidelberg, can I?"

"No."

She put her hand to her eyes to wipe something away, then she laid Franzl's photograph among the dishes, sighed deeply and took up the tray again.

"I must go, now."

She wanted to pass him, but he held her just a moment and—he could not help it—gave her a second kiss. In the first moment, it was a rather frightened kiss, beg-

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ging for forgiveness, but when the red, warm mouth did not draw back, he pressed his lips more firmly, more closely and more warmly to hers.

“Katie!”

Both were breathing hard. For a moment, he released his hold and drew back his head to look into her face. Then he kissed her again and again, until a shiver ran over her and she silently released herself from his embrace.

“No more——”

“Sweet Katie!”

“And what is your name?”

“I? I am called Karl Heinrich.”

“Two names?”

“Yes.”

“Karl — Heinrich — that sounds so strange.” Then suddenly she passionately threw her arms round his neck:

“Karl Heinrich!”

Herr Lutz jumped away from the door when it suddenly opened, but without looking at him, the girl, with red cheeks, passed across the corridor. He looked at his gold watch: “An hour and a half!”

About ten minutes later, when he finished

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dress his master, he had great fun watching how His Highness tried hard to appear unconcerned.

"How is the weather, Lutz?"

"Fine, Your Highness."

"Isn't to-day Wednesday?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

All unnecessary questions, only put by those who, for some reason, feel guilty. And if anyone could see through His Highness, it was Herr Lutz. He knew these high people well, who never have the courage to own up to their stupid actions and who like to hide everything even from their own valets. Small, weak characters, without any energy.

Hereditary princes are not like reigning princes, their outside position is in many cases almost void. It happens a thousand times that hereditary princes never occupy the throne. To count upon them as a certainty is about equal to playing in a lottery.

"No," Herr Lutz said to himself, "I don't care for Heidelberg. I shall return to Karlburg, for one who, like me, has His Serene Highness' confidence, need not be a

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lackey. His Serene Highness is fifty-six years old, and may reach eighty. By that time, I can save enough to laugh at all hereditary princes."

And, while brushing his new master, he thought:

"Wait until I return to Karlburg and tell my stories. They will open their eyes then."

The Prince seemed to have gotten over his embarrassment very quickly: "Hurry up, Lutz, and go out and see if the Doctor is ready."

With a very wry face, Herr Lutz came back:

"The Doctor was still in bed, but is getting dressed now."

"How the dickens is this possible! Why, it is twelve o'clock!"

Laughingly the Prince went across the corridor, nodded to Katie, who was standing in the kitchen door smiling at him, and hammered with his fist on the Doctor's door.

"Doctor, Doctor, why, it's noon!"

"All right, I shall be ready in five minutes."

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The Prince waited before the Doctor's door, still looking at Katie, who, curiously enough, suddenly seemed to find various things in the corridor to attend to. At last the Doctor appeared, dressed very hurriedly.

"One moment, Lutz! Where is Lutz! Lutz, come here and help me. First, pull this tie down in the back—that's it. One moment. Brush my coat, Lutz, and then go and get me some coffee."

"We will go for a ride," said Karl Heinrich, who, putting on his gloves, was still flirting with Katie.

"We will walk, not ride."

"Very well, then."

And Lutz pulled down his tie, brushed his clothes and fetched the coffee. He did all this with the gentle quietness of his standing, but, inwardly, he was boiling. Why, this was beating everything, the impudence of this schoolmaster! To treat him as a servant, as a lackey for everyone! "Brush my things off, go and fetch coffee!" Why couldn't the noble sir brush his coat himself! Herr Lutz was now trembling with excitement.

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The duties and rights of a princely valet are just as strongly fixed as those of a high State official. He has only to look after the personal wants of his master, and has nothing to do with coarser work—absolutely nothing. The difference between a valet and an ordinary lackey is not to be mentioned in the same breath. The one is an artist, the other an artisan. Herr Lutz fetching coffee for a schoolmaster! It was something laughable, or, rather, it wasn't any laughing matter at all. And Karl Heinrich suffered this! Instead of saying: "Doctor, I wish to draw your attention to the fact that Herr Lutz receives his orders from me personally," His Highness only stood there quietly and watched Lutz as he brushed. It only remained for the schoolmaster to say to him: "Clean my boots." If he had only said it! Something awful would have happened.

The Doctor took his new top hat and, though it was warm, for variety's sake he put on his elegant new Spring overcoat, and looked altogether like a very well groomed gentleman. But, seen by the side of Karl Heinrich, he cut a sad figure, not-

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withstanding. The one, tall, straight and youthful-looking, the other, small and very fat. A casual observer would have wondered what could ever have brought them together.

They had to feel their way down the stairs, on account of the darkness, and, in the vestibule, they passed between rows of cases; but when they stood before the door, there was glorious sunlight.

"Then we really won't take a carriage, Doctor?"

"Oh, no! On such a beautiful day as this, we will walk to the castle."

Even to-day, Karl Heinrich could not feel at home while walking. It seemed to him so singular to be walking in broad daylight through the streets, and to have neither carriage nor servant following. He felt like those over-nervous people who fear the traffic of the streets and lose all security while crossing a square. It was fortunate for him that he had the Doctor for a companion.

"What beautiful weather!" said the Doctor, "why, it's really hot. To-day I feel like a human being." He looked all the

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girls who passed him, in the face, and quietly he thought: "Who knows what this Heidelberg may do for me yet. Perhaps in my old days I may make a new resolution. My God, if I could only love again, a real, true love——"

They made slow progress, for Karl Heinrich stood before every shop and, like a curious child, looked into every window. There were lots of things he had never seen before, and which the Doctor had to explain to him. Suddenly it overcame him like a child:

"Let's go inside and buy something."

"Buy what?" asked the Doctor, surprised.

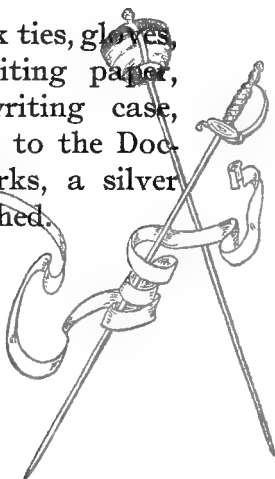
"That doesn't matter. I just want to buy something."

And so they bought: two silk ties, gloves, penholders and pens, ink, writing paper, visiting cards, an elegant writing case, which Karl Heinrich presented to the Doctor, and, at last, for six marks, a silver bracelet with little coins attached.

"For whom is this?"

"For Miss Katie."

"What Katie?"



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"The one who recited the poem yesterday."

"Is her name Katie?"

"Yes, she is called Katie."

And now, for the first time, it entered the Doctor's head that he had slept the whole forenoon. He merely coughed and looked at the Prince sideways; that was a good beginning.

"Well, he is right," he thought to himself, "youth is youth. If only I were twenty again!"

Everything on the mountain was in full bloom, and, as they climbed up, the slowly receding city presented a magnificent picture. The bright sun shone on all the slated roofs, over there was the Oden Forest, in light May green, and, now, they see a long silver ribbon, which shone brightly on the other side of the city.

The Neckar!

They both said it in one breath: "The Neckar!"

Then they stood still for a while, looking up and down the river.

The Neckar! Coming from Suevia, the home of Schiller and Uhland, the Suevia of

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the Hohenstaufen emperors. It flows past the old fortress of Tübingen, to Reutlingen, to Stuttgart, through Heilbronn, passes the castle of old Berlichingen, and on through a country whose very soil breathes history and poetry.

And, at last, the Neckar reaches Heidelberg, spreading out in the distant, level plain of the Rhine. The river does not end in Mannheim, as the geographies teach—no! it ends in Heidelberg. It ends as no other German river does: in a fairy tale of beauty.

Quickly they climbed up farther, and, through the old portal of red sandstone, they entered the castle garden.

A few guides stood at the entrance, but inside, amongst the old ivy-covered trees, everything was quiet. During the noon hour the strangers were at their hotels, the students, at the same hour, were in the town drinking their "Fruhschoppen" and the Heidelbergers themselves have no time to stand around.

A squirrel was climbing through the ivy, otherwise everything was quiet. And silently they went farther, over the bridge

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in the castleyard, and on the gallery, and, coming back, they passed the ruined tower.

Sometimes the Doctor spoke a few words, but the Prince answered in monosyllables, or only nodded.

After some time, in which the Doctor made the firm resolution to come up every day, to cure his asthma, Karl Heinrich said :

“We will take a bottle of wine. Do you care to?”

“Yes,” the Doctor answered.

“Will you have a cigar?”

“Yes, thank you.”

So they sat under the green roof of the old trees and drank and smoked. They spoke a little about the castle and the beautiful day, and then both again relapsed into silence.

The sun, just shining through the leaves, the great silence, the wine and cigar, the long walk—all this made the Doctor very sleepy. He tried to resist the influence, but, with a great effort, he only succeeded twice; the third time his eyelids could resist no longer, and opened no more.

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Karl Heinrich, receiving no answer to a question, noticed after a while that his companion had dozed off once more.

He smiled. He wasn't angry with him—no, quite the reverse. He leaned forward in his chair, his elbow on the table and his head on his hand. Had he ever been so happy in his life before? No, never. A thousand impressions had entered into his life, both yesterday and to-day, but no dissonance had come, everything sounded harmonious in one happy accord. Katie, liberty, Heidelberg, the Neckar, the castle, Spring, the golden future—a stream of joy and pleasure!

Katie! He took the silver bracelet and let it glitter in the sunshine. Will she be pleased with it? Shall he buy her a better one? He put it round his wrist and did not take it off again. It seemed to him as if Katie had already worn it, as if it was almost a part of her, something to grasp which brought her closer to him.

Suddenly, in this quiet noon hour, a tremendous noise was heard; twelve students, with dark-blue caps, came through the garden, called for the waiter, ordered

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beer and, with the addition of three large dogs, they made such a racket that even the Doctor moved and seemed about to awake.

"Kellermann!"

"Yes, sir."

"Kellermann, hurry up the beer!"

"All right, sir."

"Kellermann!"

"Well, sir?"

"Tell the waiter to bring the bill of fare!"

"All right, sir."

"Kellermann!"

"Well, sir?"

"Tell him to bring cigars!"

"All right, sir."

Without hurrying particularly, Kellerman passed Karl Heinrich, went into the inn, and appeared, after a little while, as an assistant to the waiter carrying beer glasses.

"Kellermann!"

"Well, sir?"

"That dog is running over the flowerbeds; go and catch him!"

"All right, sir."

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But Kellermann did not catch the dog, he only whistled. In a very husky voice, he called a few times: "Here, come here!" and when this failed, he simply stopped.

"Kellermann!"

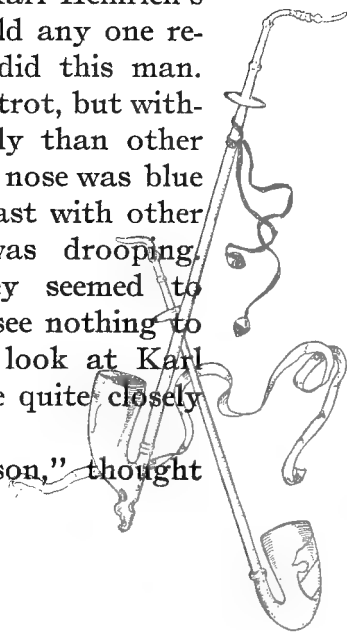
"Well, sir?"

"Go and get three postal cards!"

"All right, sir."

He passed Karl Heinrich for the second time, and the latter now watched him more closely. He wore a kind of uniform and a porter's cap of dark-blue color, his exterior appearance showed him to be a servant, but never—at least, not to Karl Heinrich's well-trained perceptions—could any one resemble a servant less than did this man. He seemed to run at a little trot, but without getting on more quickly than other people who walk quickly, his nose was blue and his moustache, in contrast with other smooth-shaven servants, was drooping. The eyes looked sad,—they seemed to look straight ahead and to see nothing to right or left. Nor did he look at Karl Heinrich as he trotted twice quite closely past him.

"What a remarkable person," thought



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the Prince, but, naturally, his attention was drawn more toward the students.

They sat so far away that he could hear nothing but their laughter and when they called for Kellermann; still, he could watch them. They all wore caps and sashes in the Saxon colors, which was all that showed them to be students. There was nothing in their dress to remind one of the old traditional student figures as they appeared at that time—end of the seventies—either in books or on the stage. No old-fashioned velvet coats, no high boots and no tobacco pipes—no, they were smart-looking boys, who seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

In spite of the early hour, they drank great quantities of beer. It was amusing and interesting to watch them.

Something stirred in the Prince a longing, an unfamiliar feeling of loneliness. He looked at the fat Doctor, who, while asleep, seemed suddenly to have grown quite old. The Doctor was certainly a good fellow, with whom Karl Heinrich had been on the very best of terms for a number of years. Why, this Doctor had been the first and only one who, in the sticky atmosphere of

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the Karlbürg castle, had brought fresh, new life, and some joy, into the Prince's cold youth, but——

In that hour, Karl Heinrich understood! Understood that those at home in Karlbürg had cheated him out of his whole youth! Servants to play with him, servants with whom to ride, servants year after year, from morning till night, always those who were paid for their services!

Until yesterday he had been blind! He had known nothing of life, absolutely nothing! He had been a prisoner in a golden cage, with no more freedom than an animal waiting to be slaughtered.

A tall, handsome-looking student passed him.

"Come along, Kellerman, we will make a Rhine wine cup."

"Very well, sir."

The Prince looked after him with tired, heavy eyes. It would always remain so, as long as he lived!

Suddenly, the waiter came running along and touched the astonished Prince on the shoulder.

"Just look there, sir! Look at the gen-

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tleman who is coming in alone; that's Herr von Scheffel."

"Where?"

"There, sir, there!"

"Doctor!" Karl Heinrich shook the sleeper. "Wake up, wake up!"

"What! What!"

"Scheffel is coming. Do wake up!"

"Yes, yes."

This was Sheffel, he who had written Ekkehard and the Rodenstein songs!

In the meantime, the waiter had run over to the students to tell them, creating a sensation at the long table. Herr von Scheffel came very rarely to his beloved Heidelberg and some of the younger students had never seen him.

There he came!

One of the students called to the others and then all of them stood up and sang:

"Wohlauf, die Luft geht frisch und rein
Wer lange sitzt muss rosten!
Den allersonnigsten Sonnenschein
Lässt uns der Himmel kosten—"

This merry song of woods and fields was sung to its author with so much ani-

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mation, such animation as is only possible to youth on a perfect spring day, in honor of the darling of Heidelberg.

He smiled, and, as the twelve blue caps of the Korps students saluted him, he took off his own hat, and passed on.

Karl Heinrich followed the example of the others. He took off his hat and bowed deeply. The poet also smiled at him and returned his salute.

Slowly he went on, until, at last, he disappeared among the trees of the park. For some time the words of the song followed him, until they ended joyfully :

“Hallaho; die Pforten brech’ ich ein
Und nehme, was ich finde.
Du heiliger Veit von Staffelnstein,
Verzeih’ mir Durst und Sünde.”

“Cantus ex est! Hurrah for the poet!”
The glasses clattered on the table.

* * * * *

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when the head-waiter in the Hotel Prinz Carl served the dessert to His Highness and the Doctor.

Both were tired and very quiet. The

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curious glances of the hotel guests, the servile waiters, the long, monotonous dinner—all this, after the earlier hours of the day, seemed so tedious that they brought a return of the old Karlburg “ennui.” The first intoxication of liberty had passed for both.

A waiter came in, with a visiting card, and, giving it to the Doctor, said:

“The gentleman is outside, and asks if it is possible to see you for a moment.”

“See me?” The Doctor was surprised and looked at the card: Conrad von Grabenitz, student at law. “Who is it? I don’t know him. What does the gentleman want?”

“He asks if he may speak to you for a moment.”

“Well!”

“You might ask him what he wants, Doctor,” Karl Heinrich said, quietly.

“Very well, tell the gentleman that I am coming.”

The Doctor got up, a little out of sorts. Unlike other people, he was always in a bad humor after dinner, because he knew well enough that, as usual, he had eaten too

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much. He found the gentleman in the smoking-room, a smart-looking young man, whose face was scarred in a number of places.

"My name is Doctor Juttner."

"Von Grabenitz."

"Please take a seat."

"I took the liberty of presenting myself at your rooms, but was told I would find you here."

"Well!"

"I want to ask the favor of an introduction to His Highness."

"The hereditary Prince?"

"If you will be kind enough."

"And why, may I ask, why?"

"I would like to ask His Highness if he would honor my Korps to-night with his presence. We celebrate the opening of the term with a great 'Kneipe.'"

Aha! The Doctor smiled. He ought to have thought of that before. There is nothing more important, in the beginning of the University year, than the pledging of new members for the different student Korps. And to catch a Prince! Why, that would be a pretty job! What would

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they say in Karlbürg, if Karl Heinrich, the hereditary Prince, should become a member of a student's organization. Well, the Prussian Princes and even the Crown Prince in Bonn do so, but Berlin is by no means Karlbürg. There was no doubt that the reigning Prince would not like it, and he, the Doctor, would, of necessity, bear all the blame. He was not sent to Heidelberg to enjoy himself, but to give the proper guidance to an inexperienced young Prince. He saw the faces of the Karlbürg courtiers when such news should arrive there, the apoplectic features of the Lord Chamberlain, the expression of Herr von Baltz, all looking with horror, disgust and fear at His Serene Highness.

But Karl Heinrich!

How the boy would thaw out at last! He would become human, like others! What did the Doctor care, any way, for the disgrace. In a year, Karl Heinrich's education would be finished and then—well, he would have to turn to something else. And how fine it would be to play a trick on those old Karlbürg fogies! Of course, he would never receive the first Cross of

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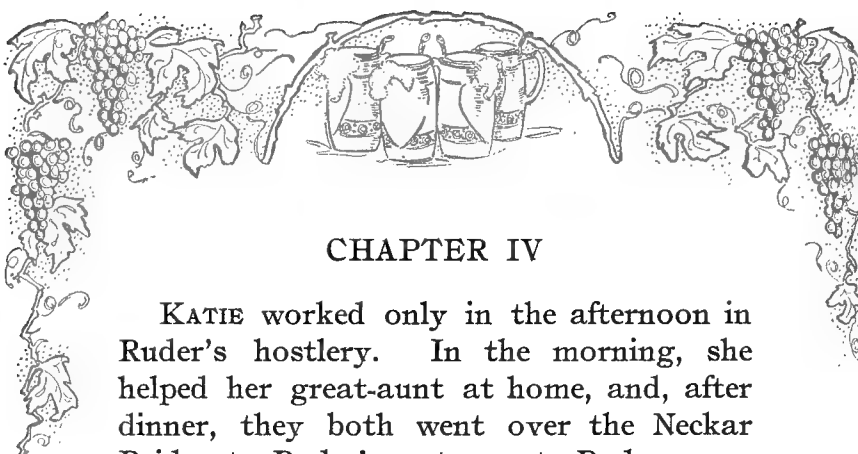
Saxony, he would never become a Secret Councillor of State, would never again be invited to Court—but, what did that matter to him!

Karl Heinz, once his little Karl Heinz—the boy who hardly dared to breathe at home! His dearest Karl Heinz! For him!!

He got up:

“Will you follow me, please?”

And, firm and serene, as if it were a mere nothing, the Doctor stepped over the threshold of the dining-room, his Rubicon, forever shutting off from him the possibility of beautiful Orders and high titles.



CHAPTER IV

KATIE worked only in the afternoon in Ruder's hostlery. In the morning, she helped her great-aunt at home, and, after dinner, they both went over the Neckar Bridge to Ruder's restaurant. Ruder was a brother-in-law of Frau Dorffel and was, therefore, somewhat distantly related to Katie.

There were certainly better restaurants in Heidelberg than the one belonging to Joseph Ruder, but there was something restful in the old place. If you wanted to go into the garden, you first had to find your way through the poorly built house, and the ceiling was so low that the tall Prussian noblemen, who were members of the Saxo-Borussia, had to be careful not to bump their heads.

But, when the garden was reached, everything was beautiful. You sat under the old lime trees, right on the bank of the Neckar. Opposite you was Heidelberg,

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with the castle. You drank Joseph Ruder's good, unadulterated wine and you enjoyed life.

You were also pleased with the sweetest little waitress, who served you the wine. It often happens that restaurants change their character, from time to time, and Ruder's was no exception. It had originally been an ordinary sailor's place. Then old ladies of good families, with their young daughters, discovered the garden to be a quiet retreat, where, far from the madden^{ing} crowd, they could take their afternoon coffee, until, one day, the students found out the place and made an end of this idyll.

They came in the afternoon and stayed until late at night. Every day, they made the same old racket and forced their big Danes to jump into the Neckar. They drank more in a month than Joseph had formerly sold in years; and in three weeks they had smoked the poor old ladies out of the place, so that they never came back.

Frau Ruder and Frau Dorffel, as well as Frau Ruder's two sisters—all elderly ladies—said, very often, that it had been quieter

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and more comfortable formerly, even if they had not made the money they were making now. But all four were convinced of one thing, and that was, that this change had brought one disadvantage, the change in Katie's conduct.

When she was seventeen, she had always served the old ladies very quietly and nicely with their coffee; she had even then been a pretty headstrong girl, but it was not so difficult to bring her to her senses. But from the day the students came, nothing could be done with the girl. The old women often talked to her and told her not to be such a madcap and to have more respect for herself. She would patiently do some knitting in the kitchen, and let them talk, talk, talk. A few times, she had tried to contradict them and to tell them that she did nothing wrong, and that, when serving the young men with wine, she could not act like a stupid country girl; but the four women had so much to say that, finally, she never said a word in answer. She would sit quietly and patiently, like one who is shut in by a storm and who waits for the sun to come out.

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But, when the students came and called :
"Katie! Come here, Katie!" she became totally changed. The knitting would be thrown on the table and, in the next moment, she would run so quickly through the house that her short skirts, flying about her, would reveal her neat little ankles.

"Beer, Katie!"

"I am coming. How many? Five, six, seven, how many are you? Eight! Sit down there, near the river, and I will set the table."

And the greater the crowd in the garden, the faster she ran. In both hands she carried the large steins, and when, from everywhere, they shouted :

"Katie, bill of fare!"

"Beer, Katie!"

"Come here, Katie!"

She would laugh and show her white teeth between her red lips :

"I am coming! Don't make such a fuss!"

She hurried here and there, and everywhere could be seen her white apron and her bare, brown arms, graceful as those of

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a small child. She never lost her head, never forgot anything, not even a spoon or a fork. She was always to be relied on.

In her leather bag, which hung from her waist and which, during the night, she put under her pillow, she carried a lot of money, out of which she took handfuls of small coins. She could make change very quickly and it took but a moment for the right sum to be put safely away in the pocketbook.

"Katie, do you never make a mistake in counting?" one of the students asked her.

"Certainly, but that does not matter. You are honest fellows, you return it."

"Prosit, Katie, to your health! Come and have a mouthful!"

"Thank you." She passed the back of her hand across her rosy lips and took a good drink out of the student's glass.

Sometimes, one of the students would try to put his arm round her waist, but she always eluded them.

The four women in the kitchen saw all these little scenes with a mixture of sorrow and disapprobation, mingling the envy of old age with its moral severity. Was it

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necessary for them to look at such scenes day after day? They might engage another waitress, but that was easier said than done. There are waitresses who are, first, not so industrious; second, not so respectable; third, not so quick; fourth, not so honest; and fifth—well, this fifth!—not so pretty. But, was Katie really so pretty? Very often the four asked themselves this, and shook their gray heads. “No, she was not!” Her complexion was too brown—much too brown, her arms too thin, the whole figure without proper form. All four had been prettier in their youth.

But the students found Katie charming; so charming, indeed, that on Katie’s birthday, they sent mountains of flowers, and, without doubt, they came more on account of her than because of Ruder’s wines or Frau Ruder’s roast veal.

Several times the four old women thought it really was their duty to write to the distant Austrian cousin Franzl and tell him how well his fiancée was enjoying herself, but, then, most likely this cousin Franzl would come to Heidelberg and take Katie away with him to Vienna.

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And, finally, the four quieted their consciences with the thought that, if Katie was related to them, she was so only very distantly. It was sad to see her conduct herself so heedlessly, but what could they do? Nothing. Business was remarkably good, and this was really the principal thing.

On the third day of May, at four in the afternoon, a Korps concert was held in Ruder's garden. The Korps' servants, whose senior was Herr Kellermann, had arrived by three, to arrange the various tables. In the center was the table of the "Vandalia," as the presiding Korps; on the right, near the Neckar, the "Saxonians"; next to them "Rhenania"; next to them "Saxo-Borussia"; then, next to the bowling alley, the "Suevians"; and opposite, the "Westphalians."

Katie was helping, while Herr Ruder went round, looking approvingly at everything, and giving himself the air of being the soul of the whole affair. He drank small glasses of gin with the Korps' servants and presented them with funny looking cigars, of a brand which he smoked from six in the morning until twelve at

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night. If it had been possible to make a pole of the cigars which Herr Ruder smoked during a year, this pole would have been nearly a mile long and, standing upright, it would have been taller than the highest mountains of the Oden Forest.

The musicians appeared at half past three and received their barrel of beer; then the four women, the six Korps servants, the five musicians, and Katie, hung Japanese lanterns all round the garden. Herr Ruder once more looked the place over. Katie put on a new apron, and, when everything was ready for the reception the music struck up, and, punctually at four, "Vandalia"—with eight "fellows" and twelve "foxes"—entered the garden.

"Hallo, Katie!"

"How do you do?"

She was surrounded by twenty red-caps, who all shook hands with her and talked to her at the same time. She was standing in the midst of them, like a little queen, while Herr Ruder and the four aunts kept respectfully in the background and the musicians played "Was kommt dort von der Höh?"

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She looked with great compassion at a short young fellow, whose cheeks were covered with black bandages:

"Poor boy, have they given you a deep cut? But you are not a bit clever."

She took his big head in her hands, much to his delight, and looked at the bandages:

"How stupid you are!"

But "Vandalia" had Katie with them for only a little while, for again the music struck up, and "Saxo-Borussia" appeared, taking it as their right, also, to shake Katie's hands. "Suevia" followed, and then "Rhenania," and "Westphalia." The musicians scarcely had time to drink, because they had to salute each new Korps entering the garden; large and small dogs ran about barking, the whole garden was full of red, blue, green and yellow caps, and everywhere was the laughing face of the young girl, who was still shaking hands, who had to speak to everyone, knew everyone, and called each by name.

It was a rare sight to see this young girl honored by the attention of a hundred young students and talking with them as

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if they were old friends. A sunny innocence smiled out of her bright eyes, and she took their homage as something entirely natural.

Suddenly, in all this confusion, a powerful voice called out abruptly:

"Come her, Katie!"

It was the tall Wedell of the Saxo-Borussia who spoke. And when, surprised at this harsh call, she did not go, but, instead, looked obstinate and angry, he, with his long legs, climbed over two chairs, right up to her:

"Katie, Saxo-Borussia bestows this upon you, this sash, her colors. Carry it honorably, Katie, don't disgrace yourself or any of us, Saxo-Borussia or Heidelberg!"

He took the four-colored silk ribbon of his Korps and put it round the shoulders and waist of the abashed girl.

And while the other Korps, surprised and a little annoyed at this strange performance were looking on, the Saxo-Prussians triumphantly rattled their steins on the table, calling: "Bravo!"

"To your health, Katie!"

"Prosit, Katie!"



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At this critical moment, when "Saxo-Borussia" had again done something unusual and extraordinary, the only one to keep his head was Grimm of "Vandalia."

"Katie!"

"What is it?"

"'Vandalia,' also, bestows her colors upon you." He then took off the red-gold-red sash that he wore over his waistcoat and tied it round the girl's shoulders.

"Vandalia" was beside itself with delight.

"Bravo!"

"Katie, Vandaliae!"

"Katie, to your health! A whole glass!"

"A whole glass!"

The turmoil and shouting were so great that no one could hear the words of the "Suevian" in charge, who quickly followed the example of the others and put his yellow ribbon round Katie's shoulders.

It was now "Suevia's" turn to join in the shouting of "Katie!" and the uproar became deafening as each excited fellow raised his voice in the tumult.

"Rhenania" followed, then "Westphalia"—willingly or not—and now the girl, her

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cheeks glowing with pleasure, stood among the laughing students, five silk ribbons over her young bosom, her small bouquet of violets quite covered with them. Red, blue, gold, green, white, yellow, black—all the colors of the rainbow in soft silk, glittered on her white waist. She looked somewhat confusedly, but laughingly around her, and then down at her new ribbons, rising and falling on her breast.

Then—without thinking, as usual—she took a glass of beer and, lifting it high:

“You are all dears! Prosit to all of you!”

And, with a deep draught, she emptied the glass.

Suddenly, she felt herself lifted up. It was Fink, of “Vandalia,” who was standing near her and who had clasped her around the knees and lifted her up like a feather:

“Long live Katie!”

“Katie!! Hurrah for Katie!!”

She still held the empty beer glass in her hand, she wanted to say something, perhaps scold them, but she saw below her a hundred colored caps, a hundred laughing faces, a hundred glasses lifted up to her; then she laughed—laughed—

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The band struck up!

Everybody grew silent at once.

During this confusion, the last of the Korps, "Saxonia," appeared at the garden entrance. "Saxonia" was late and would have to pay a fine. The members of "Saxonia" solemnly and slowly raised their caps, and, as solemnly and slowly, the other five Korps returned the salute.

For a moment, Katie was forgotten.

The curious and even envious eyes of all were turned towards a striking young fellow, who was gracefully lifting his dark blue cap, as he marched in beside Herr Bilz, the first in charge of "Saxonia."

"That is he!"

"There, the first one!"

"Which one? The one next to Bilz?"

"Yes, that is he."

So this was the hereditary Prince! The hereditary Prince of Karlburg! The finest "fox" that "Saxonia" had ever caught! A real hereditary Prince!

"Saxonia" had certainly had tremendous luck in making this catch, an unheard of luck, a catch without parallel.

As a rule they were not envious, cer-

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tainly not, "suum cuique;" but His Highness would have looked just as well with a Saxo-Prussian cap, or in the red cap of "Vandalia," or in the "Rhenania" colors.

He bowed to right and left, thinking that all the salutes, which were meant for his Korps, were intended for him personally. He certainly was embarrassed and not able, as yet, to view the whole state of affairs with the eyes of an ordinary mortal.

There——

By God, that was pretty cheeky of Katie!

All craned their necks to see her. She had taken both the Prince's hands in hers. But, of course, she knew him, he lived with Frau Dorffel.

And the Prince grew quite red in the face, while his new friends, surprised, as were all the others, stood in a circle round him and the girl.

"Excuse me, Katie," said Herr Bilz, and tried weakly to pull her back; but she never noticed him.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" she said, with sparkling eyes, "it is so good of you to come here, and with you all." She looked

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round the circle from Herr Bilz to little Count Munster, then at Conrad Grabenitz and all the others. "So he belongs to you, now! That is beautiful!"

Karl Heinrich had a feeling that all his new Korps brothers, who were still half strangers to him, were watching him with great surprise; that the Doctor, who was standing behind him, was dumbfounded; that all—that he—that she—but her two little warm hands held him fast, and, through them her boundless youth and joy flowed out to him and he forgot everything.

He did not hear the music which was playing in his honor, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz;" he did not see the faces around him—he only saw two dark eyes, which, happy as those of a child, and passionate as those of a woman, looked searchingly into his.

Then he sat down at the table, which was really no table at all, but a rough pine board. Before him was a large glass of beer, and he thought, like Katie: "It is beautiful!"

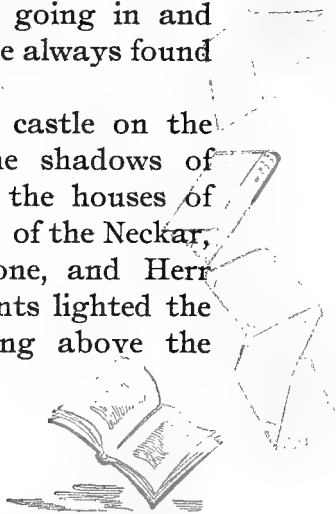
He talked with the others, he drank, he

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sang a song out of a students' singing-book, which the others knew by heart, he laughed, he answered whenever spoken to—but he did all this as if in a dream.

One after another of his Korps brothers came to him to drink to good fellowship and to call him "Du,"—it was all so strange. The music was wretched, and, at first, it seemed to him absolutely inharmonious, but after a little while, the songs sounded soft and sweet, like dear melodies coming from afar, which he had heard somewhere before, but had long forgotten. Occasionally, he looked at the Doctor, who sat farther down at the table and who drank great quantities of beer and seemed to enjoy himself immensely. And now and then, Katie passed him or he saw her going in and out among the tables, but he always found her eyes.

It was growing dark, the castle on the mountain disappeared in the shadows of the night. The lights in the houses of Heidelberg, on the other side of the Neckar, began to appear one by one, and Herr Ruder and the Korps servants lighted the Japanese lanterns which hung above the



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tables, swinging in the trees and along the river wall, so that their colors, the colors of the caps, and the green of the bushes, made up a beautiful sparkling symphony of color.

Karl Bilz, with his long, drooping moustache, sat next to Karl Heinrich. He was the best fighter of "Saxonia," but he looked among the less refined of his Korps brethren, like a disguised girl. Finally he said, in his quiet voice, to the Prince!

"Let us go for a little walk, if you care to."

"Yes, certainly."

"One grows so tired sitting still such a long time."

They went through the long rows of tables and the low, badly-lighted hall, out to the main road. Boys and girls were standing outside the hedge, listening to the music. A little distance from the house, it was very quiet. Now and then, a pair of lovers passed them in the dark. The moon had not yet risen, the road lay in the shadow of the summer night, and, as they walked further away, the music grew very soft and low. They were playing

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“Three Students Went Across the Rhine.”
To the right of them, in the meadows,
crickets chirped and a few frogs croaked.

“Do you like it in Heidelberg?”

It was only a conventional question, to
break the silence, but, in his suppressed
happiness, it came as a positive relief to
the Prince.

“Du?”

The Prince took the other's hands in
his, with a grip like a vise, as one who is
about to open his heart for the first time
in his life.

The student was moved. He certainly
did not understand all that was meant
by this pressure of his hands—the great
longing of a human being, who, at last,
delivered, pours forth the passion of his
whole life—but he was pleased and touched.

The Prince wanted him for a friend!

And then they returned to their places
among the others and to their pine table.

If possible, they were even merrier than
before. There were friendly young faces
all around the Prince, looking at him,
laughing and happy. Everybody drank
to him:

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"Karl Heinrich, to your health!"

"Karl Heinrich, Prosit, Prosit!"

And he nodded, laughed, and clicked glasses with them.

"Karl Heinrich, will you come with us to-morrow to the fencing hall?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Roux will give you lessons."

"Who is that?"

"The fencing master."

"Very well."

"Will you attend the lectures?"

"Yes, institutions and law."

"Go on, that's nonsense."

And they all explained to him, with unanimous lightness, that nobody in Heidelberg goes to college, at least, not in May, and certainly not at all during the first term.

He smiled and seemed to listen attentively to all these explanations, in which all took part, but he felt the grip of an iron force which would destroy everything, a cold voice saying: "I want you to understand that this year at the University must be spent in serious scientific studies and not in seeking for pleasure."

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Timidly he looked at the Doctor, who was sent here to see the Prince's will carried out, but this Doctor stood in front of an enormous bowl, in each hand he held a wine bottle, from which he was pouring wine.

"No lemon is needed," Karl Heinrich heard him say, excitedly; and, as somebody nearby seemed to contradict him, he struck the table with one of the bottles, and trembling with excitement, he cried:

"I have made a thousand wine cups in Karlburg! Hang it all, I certainly ought to know if lemon is wanted or not!"

This very same evening Herr Lutz was sitting in his room, waiting for His Highness to come home.

"Most likely I shall not return before eleven," His Highness had told him, "if you like, you can go out and take a glass of beer."

Herr Lutz had done so, only he had taken several pints of claret, as beer did not agree with him. The wine was good, so Herr Lutz's spirits had risen and he was more reconciled than he had been for days.

"It isn't wise to go too far," he thought,

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“better to stay for a year in this confounded University town, than to quarrel with His Highness. It may be dangerous, and one can never be sure.”

At half past ten, like all good citizens, he returned home; then he lighted all the lamps, put everything in order in His Highness' bedroom and looked out of the window. He was yawning a little, but was not yet tired.

However, His Highness might come home now.

Eleven o'clock!

The calling of valet to kings and princes is a singular and a serious business. Lutz knew many of his colleagues, who had been presented to him while traveling at foreign Courts: Rosanoff, Kroll, Bietingsfeld, men in whose hands the fate of Europe had sometimes rested. What a man was Rosanoff! He looked like a Russian Councillor of State and wore the Order of the Medshidge. Or Barnhuth, first valet to His Royal Highness the Duke of Coburg! He was a “bon homme,” amiable, good to his subordinates and most unrestrained in his behavior when in the presence of the really great,

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or Legrand, who was thought to be worth half a million, or Schaffer, whose luck with women—even with those in the highest circles—had become proverbial.

Midnight—

In Karlburg, he went to bed at eleven o'clock, in a warm, comfortable room. Before turning out the light, he drank a glass of old claret, and then lay down, tired but contented, under a soft, silk cover. A well-regulated life keeps a man healthy; early to bed is a golden rule. But, in this God-forsaken place, everything was different.

One o'clock—

Herr Lutz got up. He had been dozing for a while in an easy chair, at the window. Now his right arm, which had been supporting his head on the hard windowsill, was hurting him. What the — does this mean! One o'clock and not home yet! "Coming home at eleven" should mean "Being home at eleven!" A cool wind came through the open window into the room, so that Herr Lutz coughed. He certainly had caught cold while dozing.

He walked restlessly up and down the

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room, exhausted and full of rage—until the clock struck two.

Suddenly he grew frightened—something must have happened! The Prince had been killed!

It was a ridiculous idea, which he soon forced out of his mind, but still his restlessness increased until he could remain alone no longer. He took one of the old-fashioned candlesticks and went down through the corridor. "I shall call Frau Dorffel," he thought, "she must get up and keep me company." At first, he knocked timidly, then, gradually gaining courage, he finally pounded with his fist, but no one answered. He pushed the door, which opened readily, and looked into the close-smelling room. Nobody there! The bed empty! And the bed of the young girl also empty! And this at half past two in the morning!

Something, which turned out to be only the cat, moved in the corner, but this slight noise terrified Herr Lutz to such an extent that he grew deathly pale. He closed the door quickly and stood outside in the broad corridor, with its dim corners and fantastic

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shadows. There was no one in the house! He was all alone!

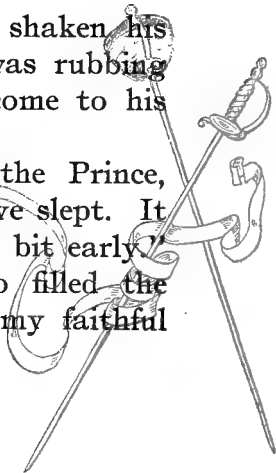
When the clock struck four, Herr Lutz was a sick man. He sat there, pale as death, a blank expression on his face, his thin lips trembling, his brain empty. He could think of nothing that he had not already thought of during this night,—he only knew that a man in his position had never been so shamefully treated before.

He watched the first grey shadows of the coming dawn on the black roof of the church; then slowly other buildings came into view, as the light grew stronger, and finally the sun shone forth in all his glory. Outside, the sparrows chirped. It was morning!

“Lutz! Hallo, Lutz!”

He got up; somebody had shaken his shoulder. He had slept, and was rubbing his eyes, but he had not yet come to his senses.

“That’s right, Lutz,” said the Prince, “I am glad to see that you have slept. It is a little bit late, or, rather, a bit early.” And, turning to the men who filled the room, he said: “This is Lutz, my faithful



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valet, whom I am glad to introduce to you."

Lutz, during his long life at Court, had lost the faculty of being surprised at anything, but, for a few moments, with his overtired, leaden eyes, he could not make out things. On the chairs, the sofa, the table, the piano, even on the windowsill, men were sitting everywhere, fellows with student's caps and silk ribbons. Someone was playing on the piano a song from "Madame Angot"—it was the Doctor. Lutz later discovered three big dogs, that ran round him, snuffing at him, and, in the midst of this lot of scoundrels, stood the young girl, saying: "How many cups of coffee? Seventeen? Just count."

Karl Heinrich counted: "That's right, seventeen. Please, Lutz, go along and help in the kitchen and hurry things up a bit."

And Lutz went.

His strength was broken, his powers of resistance gone. "That's right, Lutz, I am glad to see that you have slept." This sentence of the Prince continually sounded in his ears. It seemed to intimate that he had had his usual good night's rest,

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while, in reality, he had not slept ten minutes.

"Come on, just help a bit, give me those blue cups. Yes, those!"

He did it.

They wanted brandy,—he fetched brandy.

They wanted cigars,—he brought cigars.

He even called the big Danes into the kitchen and satisfied their wants. One of them growled angrily at him, but Herr Lutz thought humbly: "Kill me, if you want to, it does not matter!"

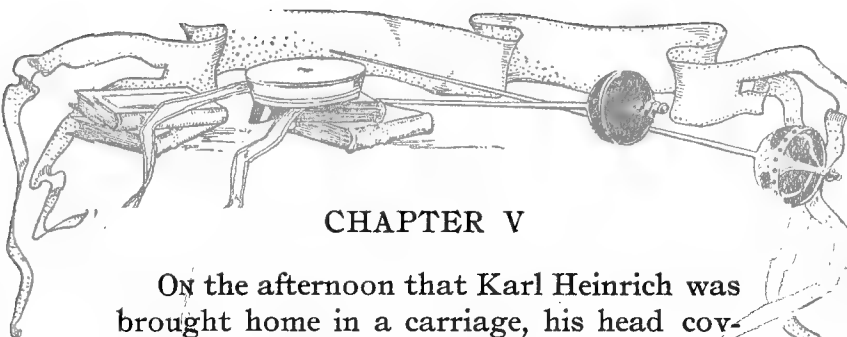
At six o'clock, Herr Lutz was again alone. Prince, Doctor, students and dogs had stampeded down the stairs, and the forsaken rooms, after this one hour, looked like a battlefield. Everywhere ashes, cigar ends, brandy bottles, cups, glasses, in great disorder. A chair was broken, and the air was so full of tobacco smoke that it made Lutz sick.

"We are going to the castle," Karl Heinrich had said to him. "I shall be home at noon and shall then try to get a few hours rest."

This Prince was becoming a "roué"—Herr Lutz was the valet of a "roué."

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Would this go on now, day after day?
And Herr Lutz shook his fist 'in a help-
less fury at the sunny city:
"Heidelberg!"



CHAPTER V

ON the afternoon that Karl Heinrich was brought home in a carriage, his head covered with wounds, a deep gash in his cheek,—cut up only as a student can be after his very first fight, during his first term—on that afternoon, the Doctor shook off his lethargy and awoke to a realization of the seriousness of the situation.

What if they should hear of this in Karlburg!

And if they made further inquiries and found out something! That Karl Heinrich never attended the lectures! That at Whitsuntide, he had taken a trip to Milan and had run up quite a number of debts! But, worst of all, that love affair with the waitress, which the very sparrows in Heidelberg twittered from the house tops!

But this fight was the crowning feature of it all!

They hadn't told him anything about it, it had happened behind his back. It was a terrible scandal!

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Like a madman, he entered Karl Heinrich's room :

"Your Highness!"

"Doctor!"

"I am sick of all this!"

"Of what?"

"Of everything. I shall resign. I am going to write to Karlburg to-day. It is all my fault, I know, but I am not going to stand by and see it go on."

"But, Doctor——"

"I wish we had never come here! How could a man like me, thirty-five years of age, settled in life, forget duty and order! I had come here for a rest and to live temperately, and, instead of doing so, I have knocked about at all hours and have ruined myself. Look at me! A wreck, a complete ruin!"

He really did not look well, and Karl Heinrich felt great pity for him.

"You are right, my dear Doctor, this can't go on. You must take care of yourself. You must walk a great deal and sleep less. Doctor, you must live by the clock."

But the Doctor couldn't bear to have anyone assent to his own self-accusations:

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"I am not speaking of myself. Your Highness, but rather of you. Your present mode of life cannot go on. I shall resign, that's settled. A sick man like myself, who hasn't another five years to live, not even three, two, one, cannot direct your education any longer, and certainly not here in Heidelberg."

Suddenly his excitement went to the other extreme: "Oh, Karl Heinz, I wish we had never come here!"

That afternoon and the following night he nursed the Prince, and, after he had drunk a few bottles of wine he was again in the best of humor.

"That's the worst of it," he said, "that nothing but alcohol can keep one in good humor." But he spoke very cheerfully.

Several times again he attempted to arouse Karl Heinrich's conscience, but he fared like the sorcerer's apprentice who conjured up ghosts and then couldn't get rid of them.

It was remarkable how the Prince had changed during the past few months, even in his appearance. His way of carrying himself had grown firmer and more vigorous, his

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face looked more energetic and the scars on his cheek gave him a martial air. With the positive exception of the tall Wedell of the Saxo-Prussians, there was no gayer student in all Heidelberg, but even in Karl Heinrich's big and small absurdities, his drinking bouts and his fights, there was something of the "Grand Seigneur." He always seemed, even when very drunk, to tower head and shoulders above the others, and to look down upon all crazy actions.

In his method of education, the Doctor went from bad to worse. He was no longer the guardian, but now Karl Heinrich began to master him. Punctually at nine o'clock the Doctor had to get up; at the stroke of twelve he had to retire. For two hours daily he was forced to take a walk, but this energetic mode of life ought to have been prescribed and followed many months, perhaps even years, before. "Force me to do it, Karl Heinrich," he would say, "compel me!" but much oftener he became cross when he was forced. "The dickens, let me live these last few years as I want to! No, I am not going for a walk, I am tired,

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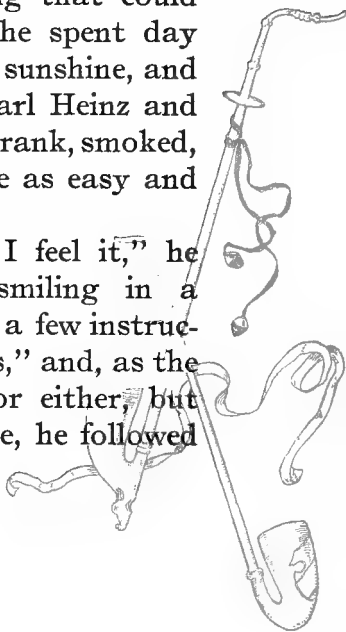
I don't want to. Katie, give me a pint of claret!"

But the Prince stood to his guns: "No nonsense, Doctor; come along! We will go together to the Koenigstuhl, allons!"

Sooner than anyone had thought, the poor Doctor was relieved of these and other hardships. For, one day, Karl Heinrich had Professor von Michaelis examine the Doctor, and he was sent to a private hospital.

There he was installed in a very pretty sickroom, with a fine balcony, furnished with a smart smoking-table, a most comfortable lounge and everything that could add to his comfort. Here he spent day after day, looking out at the sunshine, and was continually visited by Karl Heinz and his Korps brothers. Here he drank, smoked, played cards and found his life as easy and agreeable as possible.

"I shall get well again, I feel it," he often said. The professor, smiling in a superior way, had given him a few instructions: "No beer, no potatoes," and, as the Doctor did not care much for either, but preferred a good glass of wine, he followed the professor's advice closely.



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He might have drunk beer or eaten potatoes for all that, but sick people to whom nothing is forbidden, lose hope.

For weeks Karl Heinrich was uneasy. The first grey shadow had come over the sunny gladness of Heidelberg. He did not know that his days in the gay town were just as much numbered as those of the Doctor, although in a different sense. And, while the Doctor lived through this time in such good humor and tranquility of mind that even the Professor was astonished, the Prince was sad and absorbed. For whole days he would sit with the Doctor on the balcony, as if it was his sacred duty to keep him company continually, until, one day, the Doctor lost patience.

"Why do you sit here all day long and act as if I were dangerously ill? Confound you, but things have not yet gone as far as that. Go and run about, enjoy yourself, but don't sit here and make long faces, as if I were already dying!"

The Prince was so surprised he could not answer, but the Doctor gave him no time:

"My dear Karl Heinz, you are wasting the best that any man can have, and that

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is, the time of youth. You seem to think that you will stay here forever in Heidelberg with your friend, and with pretty little Katie. But it won't be long before the year is over. Every hour not properly employed is lost, and it never comes back again—it is 'temps perdu.' It makes no difference whether you are a Prince or only an ordinary human being. Please pour me a glass of wine,—the bottle is over there in the corner. I, also, was young once, and I kept thinking: 'There is still time, oh! yes, there is still time,' but it is too late at last. Go and enjoy yourself, do not come at all to-morrow. Come the day after to-morrow and then only for one hour. Please give me that box of cigars. Thanks. It is so beautiful to lie out here. Look at that nice little girl over there, on the balcony; what a little darling she is, and how she looks at us! Confound it, if I were only young once more!"

During the following week, "Saxonia" made a trip through the Black Forest. Every day the Doctor received postal cards, on which he was told how many glasses of beer they had drunk to his special health,

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in Gernsbach, Baden, Freiberg, on the Feldberg and every village where beer was to be had. If, by such drink offerings, health could actually have been restored, the poor Doctor, in this short time, ought to have grown quite well again.

With a sun-burned face and in excellent spirits, Karl Heinrich returned to Heidelberg. He went first to see Katie, who, with all her passionate love, received him joyfully. Then he went to the hospital. The joy of seeing the Prince again brought the color once more to the Doctor's thin cheeks—he welcomed him with a radiant face :

“That's right, Karl Heinz! Run around in the world with the others! Don't stay in one room and look solemn. Ring the bell, we will drink a bottle of Steinwein. How is Katie? Isn't she very happy to-day? Was she at the station? No? And why not? What a darling she is! Now, come along and tell me of your travels. Have you been in Strassburg? My boy, you look splendid, as brown as an Indian. I am all right, I really feel fine. This rest here does me good. Have you been in Wild-

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bad? What a charming place it is. Isn't the whole Black Forest beautiful! Pour the wine, Karl Heinz—to your health!"

Perhaps the Doctor was really better and the Professor and his assistants had made a mistake. At any rate, he was never in better spirits than during these days of his illness, and so Karl Heinrich found his joyousness coming back to him.

On one of the last days of July he gave a great festival at Ruder's, to his Korps. Everything was done in first-class style and, late in the evening, the castle was illuminated so that the whole of Heidelberg, including all strangers and foreigners, assembled at the river to have a look at this magnificent sight. The Doctor could only admire the wonderful picture from his lonely balcony, while Karl Heinrich, the hero of the day, had voluntarily left the crowd. He sat beside Katie in Ruder's old boat, which Herr Kellermann was rowing against the tide. Nobody in Heidelberg was better fitted to accompany a pair lovers on such a nocturnal boat trip than Herr Kellermann. He never heard or saw anything, he continually fussed with the obstinate oars,

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which made him angry and required all his attention. He had the habit of talking quietly to himself, a continuous murmur, which was strangely composed of delight, dissatisfaction, reminiscences and instantaneous fancies, sense and nonsense: "Stupid nonsense—oars—oh! yes!—water—late—good—to-morrow morning—send for it—get it—d——d—all shoes—" and so on.

When the old castle, in its nightly solitude, began to be illuminated, when red lights radiated from window to window of the old ruin, and Karl Heinrich thrilled by this wonderful sight, stood up in the shaking boat, Herr Kellermann never even noticed it. What had he to do with castles and fireworks! In the last thirty years, he had seen this dozens of times,—he had something else to do besides looking at such nonsense.

Slowly the flames died out until only a few windows of the castle were still lighted up. Finally, these also grew dark, and the faint reflection on the Neckar disappeared.

The boat drifted along in the quiet of the night, Karl Heinrich and Katie sat side by side, and only the mutterings of Herr Keller-

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mann and the quiet dipping of the oars broke the stillness.

Some time passed, and finally Katie grew restless :

“We must go home.”

And, in fact, it was past midnight.

“Kellermann, we must turn back, let the boat drift.”

“Hm !”

“Will you smoke a cigar, Kellermann?”

“Hm !”

For a few seconds, the match lighted up the old, wrinkled face.

The Prince had known the old man now for several months, but in these few moments, it seemed to him as if he had seen those weary features for the first time.

“How old are you, Kellerman?”

For a few moments, Kellermann did not answer, for this question was so new and singular that it confused him.

“Sixty-five.”

Sixty-five! And every night on the go—the whole day busy, always a bit slow but always willing, a poor devil who had to listen to twenty masters and who could not suit one of them. Not a jolly sort of a

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fellow, such as suits the students' life; not a clown, continually to be laughed at—only a tired human being, who, term after term, had to serve new masters.

“Have you a family, Kellermann?”

The old man looked surprised, almost distrustful. Never had he been asked that—at least, never in such a tone—by one of the students. His wife was sometimes seen, as she did the students' laundry.

But Karl Heinrich kept on questioning, while Katie, almost invisible to Herr Kellermann, and resting her head on her darling's shoulder, helped him:

“Do answer, Kellermann, speak up.”

And both, in their tender and happy mood, doubly susceptible to the sufferings of others, asked questions alternately, with so much eagerness and sympathy, that, at last, the sad story of Kellermann's life was brought out.

For the first time in his life, the Prince understood the struggle for existence of a fellow being.

“Kellermann!”

“Yes, sir!”

“Kellermann, when I have left here, if

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you should have bad luck, would you write me?"

The old man did not answer, but Katie put her arms round Karl Heinrich's neck and whispered something in his ear,—perhaps she thanked him.

"You understand a lot about wine, Kellermann"—Karl Heinrich smiled—"when I am the reigning Prince, later on, come to me. You shall be my head cellarman. That fits your name, too, doesn't it?"

A callous hand reached out of the darkness, taking Katie's hand by mistake, so that she screamed with fear, but which then groped farther and found that of the Prince, which it pressed hard.

Then the boat drifted again in deep silence.

Herr Kellermann's cigar glowed through the darkness and Karl Heinrich and Katie sat quietly, close to each other, much moved, and happier than ever before. He no longer kissed her, they only held each other closely, and Katie hummed, as in a dream, an old Bohemian song which, as a child, she had learned on the distant Donau.

During the evening three telegrams had

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arrived for His Highness, and as they all came from Karlburg, they set Herr Lutz to thinking and caused him, at last, to go himself to Ruder's hostelry. He knew as little about this place as about all the other "Kneipen" which His Highness frequented, and he was, therefore, not surprised when Ruder told him that His Highness was not there at present, but that, most likely, he would soon return. Between twelve at noon and three the next morning His Highness could not be found, but Herr Lutz had grown accustomed to that. One of the first principles of Court life is that meals, rides, travels and everything else be so fixed by rule, to the minute and second, that, at any given time, others knew just what each member of the royal family was doing,—but His Highness was an exception, his mode of life was directly opposed to these rules. Not that Herr Lutz became angry about it,—oh! no! He had stopped that long ago. The only thing that lay on his mind was that he—Lutz—felt that he himself had slowly changed. He didn't take so much pains with his linen, nor was his exterior appearance as formerly, and the glistening

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white of his ties had dimmed. Nobody asked for him, nobody troubled about him. His activity was gone—so why trouble?

Lutz had even slowly lost that fine sense of dignity which his position and education had given him. It often happened that, nearly dead from "ennui," he sat for hours with the old women in the kitchen and drank coffee. He was degenerating, he was really only a servant now, he had lost his own self-respect. Once, in order to pass the time, he began a flirtation with a servant girl in the neighborhood, but she showed so plainly that she wanted to become Lutz's wife that he dropped this liaison.

About half past ten Herr Lutz, with his three telegrams, arrived at Ruder's. Midnight passed, and still His Highness did not appear.

Then, quite suddenly, Herr Lutz saw his master. His Highness stood in the midst of all the confusion among the students. In his right hand he had a beer glass, in his left a rapier, his blue cap was perched on the back of his head and he seemed to be making a speech. Directly afterwards, there was a great uproar, they struck the tables

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with their glasses so that it sounded like thunder, and Karl Heinrich stood laughing in their midst, looking with sparkling eyes to right and left.

Gravely and solemnly, Herr Lutz went through the rows of students and stopped behind the Prince.

“Your Highness——”

“Silentium! we shall now sing: Von all den Mädchen so blitz und so blank——”

The music struck up and Herr Lutz bowed for the second time:

“Your Highness——”

But the Prince did not see him, nobody saw him. Waiters carrying glasses of beer ran about between the tables, passing students unintentionally pushed Herr Lutz roughly from one side to the other, then they all began singing:

“Von all den Mädchen so blitz und so
blank

Gefaeßt mir am besten die Lore——”

Angry and half desperate, Herr Lutz bowed behind Karl Heinrich for the third time:

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“Your Highness——”

“Sie ist mein Gedanke bei Tag und bei
Nacht
Und wohnet im Winkel am Thore——”

Herr Lutz, in his black suit, his face white with rage, stood among that jolly, half-drunken set, looking like a figure of Retribution, a bearer of bad news, who pauses a moment before delivering his message of ill-omen.

Karl Bilz, who sat next the Prince, at last saw him.

“There is someone there behind you, Karl Heinz.”

“Where?—Lutz!”

“Your Highness——”

“What’s the matter?”

“Urgent telegrams from Karlburg have arrived for Your Highness.”

The Prince grew pale.

And, while the second verse of the “Lore” song sounded through the garden, he opened the telegrams and read:

“I beg to announce to Your Highness that His Serene Highness is seriously ill and

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wishes Your Highness, in the course of the next few days, to come to Karlburg for a short stay."

This message, as well as the two others, was signed by the Lord Chamberlain. The second gave a short account of the illness, while the third begged His Highness not to look upon the illness as being of a dangerous nature as yet.

He turned :

"It's all right, Lutz. Go now! I shall be home in an hour. Pack the trunks; we shall leave here to-morrow evening."

Very few had been aware of this interruption, and no one seemed to notice that a quarter of an hour afterwards, Karl Heinrich's chair was vacant.

As the Prince was leaving the garden, he looked back just once.

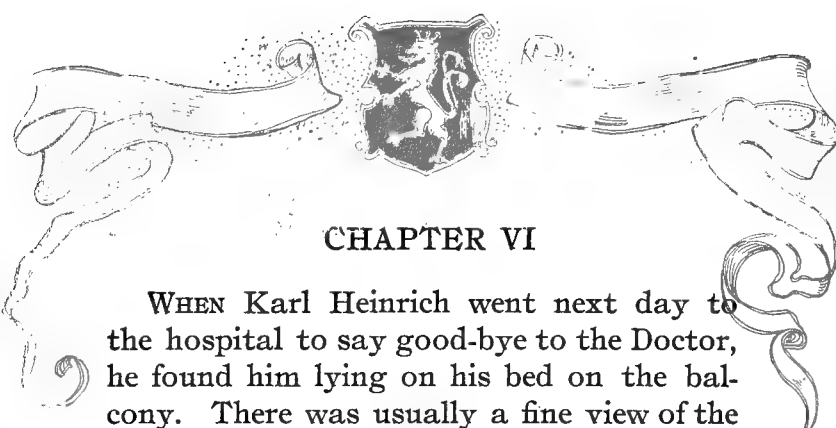
What if that illness should linger and keep him chained to Karlburg for weeks, or, perhaps, months?

Suppose—and it was possible—suppose he could never return to Heidelberg!

But he tried to brace up, and was angry with himself for his weakness. He had always been inclined to exaggerate his feel-

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ings,—a weak, womanly habit, attributable only to people who have never had any serious struggles in life,—and, angry with himself, he even forgot to say Good-night to Katie.



CHAPTER VI

WHEN Karl Heinrich went next day to the hospital to say good-bye to the Doctor, he found him lying on his bed on the balcony. There was usually a fine view of the castle and the Konigstuhl from this point, but to-day everything was obscured by a fine rain. Still, this was refreshing after the close heat of the last few days.

The Doctor was lying, weak and tired, on his pillows, but he smiled cheerfully at the Prince, and at his first words, he sat up:

“Going away! To Karlburg!”

He took the telegrams and after reading them through twice in feverish haste, he lay back heavily and gazed, without saying a word, past Harl Heinrich out at the fast falling rain.

“There is nothing to be done but go, my dear Doctor?”

“No, that’s the only thing for you to do.”

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"I am going to-night."

"Hm!"

"I think that I shall be back in a week or a fortnight."

"Possibly."

"And during that time, my dear Doctor, you shall want for nothing. I have spoken to my Korps brothers and every morning and every afternoon, one of them will visit you. If you wish, I will also leave Lutz here to wait on you."

The Doctor smiled feebly.

"No, thank you very much."

And Karl Heinrich also smiled. Herr Lutz and the Doctor had never had much in common, and here in the hospital they would certainly understand each other even less.

But his smile soon faded. During the last few days a marked change had come over the Doctor. The full face had grown haggard, on the blue cover of the bed lay his clasped hands, thin and white. More and more the thought took hold of him, that the end would soon come.

Suddenly their eyes met. He wanted to look aside, but could not. Perhaps the

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Doctor also tried to avoid his look, but he had even less strength. So they gazed straight into each other's eyes, until Karl Heinrich was deeply moved. He bit his lip and tried to stare indifferently into space. Then, as if from a great distance, he heard the Doctor speak:

"What does it matter, Karl Heinz, sooner or later! It would be hard to find a more beautiful spot in which to say good-bye to the world. It doesn't require a poet to appreciate it, going to sleep here quietly, peacefully Let me rather talk of yourself, Karl Heinz. You think of coming back in a week or in a fortnight. It may be so, but it may also be that you never return. Keep young, Karl Heinrich, that is the best I can wish for you. Remain as you are, and if they try to change you—and they will try—then fight against it. Let your heart keep its warm, tender, human interest. Perhaps a time will come when you will think of these Heidelberg days and of me with different feelings than you have to-day, perhaps with despair or even rage; a time when you will say to yourself: 'I ought not to have gone down to the level

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of the others, and should have maintained my dignity a little more.' They will all tell you that you really did forget yourself and that this short space of time is out of accord with the rest of your life. But do not believe them."

With the rain still falling in torrents, the Prince went up to the castle and kept climbing higher and higher, aimlessly, until he reached the Konigstuhl. The roads were muddy, and the rain, falling through the fir trees to the moss below, kept up a continual drizzle. He could not see a hundred yards ahead and the view of the Rhine valley was entirely veiled; but out of the forest came such a fresh, sweet breath of nature, that Karl Heinrich soon forgot his troubles.

Half an hour later, he was sitting in the new glass summer-house that Herr Ruder had built at great cost, and was drinking a glass of good wine. Katie was beside him. There was no one else in the garden, for this was the Korps fighting day and others did not come at that hour and certainly not in such weather. It rained so hard now that the drops made great bubbles as they fell on the surface of the Neckar, and the

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houses on the opposite shore could hardly be seen. But Karl Heinrich's melancholy, with which he had started the day, and in which he had visited the poor Doctor, was gone. In a few weeks, perhaps even sooner, he would be back, and the good old Doctor would be quite well again, and all these forebodings of evil was nonsense.

"Go and get me a postal card, Katie!"

"What for?"

"Let us write to the Doctor."

She opened her umbrella, lifted her skirts daintily and tripped cautiously through the inundated garden to the house. When she returned with the card, he wrote:

"Dear Doctor: It's all stupid nonsense! I shall be back in a fortnight to find you well and healthy, and take you out of the hospital. Katie and I drink to your health.

K. H."

"Send the Doctor a greeting, Katie."

She read attentively what he had written, took his gold pencil, whose point she first put between her lips, and wrote:

"Karl Heinrich and I send you our very best wishes.
KATIE."

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"What would you say, Katie," he asked, "if I never came back?"

Very much surprised, she looked at him.

"Never?"

"Never."

"But that is not possible!"

The blood left her cheeks, she grew deathly pale.

"But, you are surely coming back?"

He laughed. He was so sure of it now that he could make light of it. If it should happen, though it was unlikely, that, for some cause or another, they wanted to keep him in Karlburg, he would simply insist on his return to Heidelberg. He was no longer a boy, with whom they could do as they pleased, and there was no power on earth that could deprive him of his liberty, which he had at last won for himself.

"Just suppose, Katie, that I should not come back, never, never; what would you do then?"

Her lips trembled; she wanted to say something, but found no words. Then she arose, went over to him and put her arms round his neck.

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“You are coming back, Karl Heinz. I feel it deep down in my heart!”

Hour after hour passed, and, with the rain still falling, the two sat together, with Ruder's good wine before them. The aunts in the kitchen, and Herr Ruder himself, now and then looked through the opening in the glass door, but did not disturb the couple. A few guests came in during the course of the afternoon, but they were kept in the front room. When there was only half an hour left in which to catch the Frankfort express, Herr Ruder hitched his horse to an old runabout and took the reins himself, to drive his most illustrious guest to the station.

No hereditary Prince had ever before been driven to a station in such an unceremonious way; a little waitress waving her handkerchief after him, a galloping horse, a dilapidated carriage arriving at the station spattered with mud, no luggage, no servant, only a Herr Ruder who was half drunk and whose name was taken by a policeman on account of such fast driving.

With increasing excitement, Herr Lutz had waited in the house until twenty min-

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utes before train time, and how well he had grown accustomed to the irregular habits of His Highness was proved by his conclusion that his master would go direct to the station at the last moment.

Wet through, without an overcoat, Karl Heinrich jumped into his reserved compartment. Herr Lutz had only just time to draw His Highness' attention to overcoat, rugs and bags and to hasten to his own car, when the train moved out of the station.

For a long time the Prince stood at the window, and, even after Heidelberg had disappeared, he still gazed out at the fog. Finally, he took a deep breath, like someone awakening from a dream. He took off his silk Korps ribbon, which he wore over his waistcoat, and put it in his pocket. The dark-blue cap he put in a hat-box, substituting for it a traveling hat.

The three red roses that Katie had given him he kept in his hand. Sitting far back on the soft red cushions, he tried to think of Katie, but the picture of the Doctor came constantly before his eyes. The poor fellow was lying in the hospital and he,

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Karl Heinrich, was on his way to Karburg. Alone! Three months before they had taken the same trip to Heidelberg, together! Together!—Katie, the Doctor, the Korps brothers, always together, always jolly, always with others—and now he was alone!

* * * * *

The Lord Chamberlain, the equerries, two adjutants—it was a solemn reception, due to His Highness the hereditary Prince.

The lackeys stood in a double row, with their hats in their hands, and right and left, behind these lines, stood a curious public which, excited over the serious bulletins concerning the illness of His Serene Highness, had come to the station in great numbers.

So the hereditary Prince was coming!

They had summoned him by telegraph!

In a few days, His Highness, the hereditary Prince, might be the reigning Prince!

They did not shout “Hoch,” that would not have suited the sad occasion, but all hats were lifted and all the women bowed to the future master.

Outside the station there was also a

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large crowd; in fact, along the entire way to the castle stood an uninterrupted line of people, all saluting silently.

Karl Heinrich sat beside the Lord Chamberlain. In the Prince's room in the station, he had talked with the gentlemen of the Court and with the Doctors, and they had assured him that the greatest danger, which had threatened the preceding night, seemed to be over, and that a recovery of His Highness was quite possible.

He did not speak a word. He held his hat in his hand and bowed right and left.

"How gloomy he looks!" said the men.

"How sad he looks!" said the women.

And he kept on bowing.

Thousands of people saluted him, a whole town!

It was only a short distance, and the fast horses brought him to the castle in a very few minutes.

But it seemed as if, in that short space of time, a hidden hand had gripped his heart and had crowded many things out of his life forever.

The guard at the castle bridge presented arms, but there was no music.

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He bowed.

The carriage stopped, and slowly, without haste, he got out. He did not notice the lackeys on both sides of the stairs, straight on he went, without looking for the Lord Chamberlain and the adjutants, who followed two or three steps behind, up the broad marble stairs.

He was back in Karlburg—now he was “the Prince” again.

The days passed, then became weeks, and out of the weeks grew months.

The Doctors were the real masters in the castle of Karlburg, they lived there and hardly left the rooms of the old Prince.

The lackeys moved even more quietly than usual, every loud sound in the castle or its surroundings was forbidden, and there was the silence of the grave in the house and garden.

But the fear and sorrow, either deeply felt or only assumed, which had been on all faces during the first few weeks, slowly disappeared. The servants yawned behind the doors and the terrible weariness spread from the sickroom, through the castle and further even, into the town of Karlburg.

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No concerts, no diversion, no festivities, every Sunday in the churches the very same prayer for the sick Prince—a dreary sameness.

It was impossible for Karl Heinrich to leave Karlburg. At first, he was restless and nervous, and demanded of the Doctors truthful reports of the illness. But later, he grew accustomed to their shrugging of shoulders, and, at last, gave up the hope, for the present, of returning to Heidelberg.

The load of government affairs, of which he had made harder work than was necessary, but which, at the same time, would have been difficult under any circumstances, claimed much of his time, while the dying Prince naturally expected that his nephew and heir should spend many hours in his company. With his weak, hoarse voice, often only a whisper, he talked of the past and of the future, and in these dark hours there came between uncle and nephew, who had for twenty years lived together almost as strangers, their first understanding. They belonged together, the dying Prince and the future Prince, and through the feverish touch of the trembling hand, there passed

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into the younger man an influence which slowly changed his whole line of thought and feeling.

“The Princes of this world live alone on their thrones, a gulf never to be bridged over separates them from all others, even from those who, by reason of birth and rank, stand as servants nearest their thrones. And they ought to remain alone, they must remain alone,—this is their most difficult task, but herein lies also their great strength. To stand in solitary majesty, that is the great secret of their power!”

At first, Karl Heinrich tried, half unconsciously, to close his mind to these words, but the daily repetition of them, in that quiet sickroom, took possession of him and broke down all his weak efforts to combat them. He fought against them, but he was too weak, too weak, just as in every thing else he did.

And everybody bowed to him. The dying Prince was no longer master in the castle,—no, it was he, Karl Heinrich, to whom they did homage. Formerly, as a young Prince not in special favor with His Serene Highness, and with the possibility of suc-

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cession to the throne very vague and distant, the homage of the people at Court had been cold and formal. Now, he was no longer a child, but a man; no longer an applicant for the honors of an uncertain future, but the new master, who, in a single night, might assume his rights as reigning Prince. It was a magic circle, which closed round him, the humble homage of thousands who suffered no contradiction, and all that in this mouldy, hothouse air, which killed thought!

Months passed. Autumn came, and Winter and Spring—a year had gone. But only one year! Why, it seemed like many. There were times when an overwhelming impatience seized him. Was this never going to end! This bitter, cruel waiting! But even this impatience grew weak and powerless, and passed away.

He was not well; his healthy color was gone; but, when the old professor and the other Doctors told him to take more exercise in the fresh air, he shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

“There is nothing the matter with me, I am not sick!”

OLD HEIDELBERG

In his writing desk lay the blue cap and the colored sash from Heidelberg, next to them three dried and faded roses—all that he kept to remind him of that time. Heidelberg! When he thought of it, it seemed as if iron chains were bound round his chest and were suffocating him.

Gone! Lost! Lost forever!

Sometimes he tried to talk with Lutz about Heidelberg. He did not care at all for the fellow, but he kept him as his valet. Perhaps for no other reason than that Lutz was the only living remembrance of that time. And Herr Lutz tried hard to meet his master half way, to picture his own miserable days in Heidelberg in a rosy light and to revive little jokes of that time. But his talk never sounded honest and true. The beautiful picture of those three months was distorted by his forced jokes into something unlovely and unreal.

Otherwise, Herr Lutz was now the happiest man at Court. His patient endurance of that terrible time had borne golden fruit, he was the coming man, before whom, even now, all the lackeys humbled themselves. The reigning Prince's valet still

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went through the house with a very proud face, but his days were numbered: "Lutz" was the name of the new star. While, to Karl Heinrich, the recollection of Heidelberg grew more and more dim, like a nursery story that has lost its charm, the picture of the students' town grew more beautiful to Herr Lutz. To be sure, he had kicked over the traces sometimes, had lived poorly and had gone through many disagreeable experiences, but, on the other hand, a great many nice things had happened. He told the chef all sorts of wonderful stories, of merry love affairs, of entire nights spent in drinking, and more "what a gentleman does not talk about." Heidelberg had made his fortune and Herr Lutz was not ungrateful.

Since the end of the winter, the Doctor had been sleeping his last sleep in Heidelberg. The notice of his death, which the director of the hospital communicated in a humble form to His Highness, did not come to Karl Heinrich unexpectedly, but still it seemed to him something incomprehensible.

But in all his pain the Prince had that bitter feeling of regret that if the Doctor

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had died a year before, he would have felt and have suffered much, much more. If life could ever have brought them together again, they would never have understood each other as before. He felt as if someone had died whom he had loved very much, long ago, but who was now so distant to him that even if he had come to life again, he could never have brought him back to be to him what he had once been.

Commanded to do so by His Highness the hereditary Prince the Lord Chamberlain had sent to the Korps "Saxonia" a beautiful wreath to be put on the grave of the Doctor. Later, a monument was erected over the grave, with the inscription: "To his friend and teacher, in grateful remembrance.—Karl Heinrich, Prince von Karburg."

And Katie!

Yes, Katie!

Where was Katie now? He had no picture of her, for a small photograph which she had given him once could not be found in his trunks. But her image was engraved in his heart. Katie!

Lost like all the others

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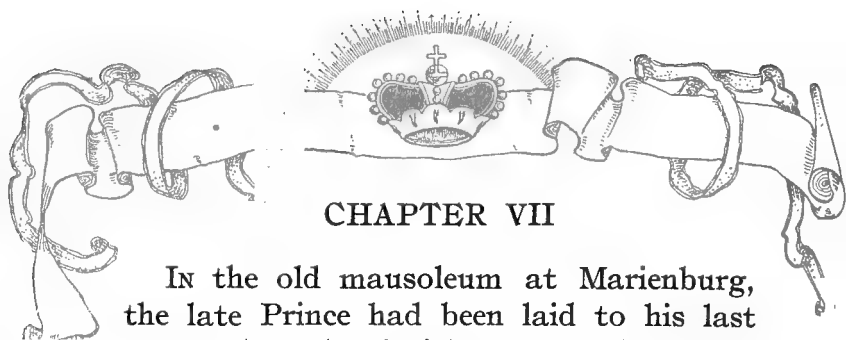
On the Prince's writing desk stood, in a gold frame, the picture of the young Saxon Princess, his cousin, whose engagement to Karl Heinrich had been one of the last wishes of the dying Prince. She was a handsome girl, with vivacious eyes and a tall magnificent figure.

Karl Heinrich did not say "No," and the beautiful Princess was not dissatisfied. She was a year older than the future reigning Prince, as children they had played together; they had no cause to dislike each other, and both for reasons of State and because it was the wish of both families, the marriage would, in every way, be a suitable one.

On account of the Prince's recent death, however, the wedding could not yet take place.

Katie! Katie!





CHAPTER VII

IN the old mausoleum at Marienburg, the late Prince had been laid to his last rest, and Karl Heinrich was now the master at the castle of Karlburg.

But a feeling of gloom, which long illness and death had brought to the country, the town and the castle, did not pass away. Month after month went by and still there lay over Court and castle a great quiet and sadness.

"His Highness is still mourning," said the people; but they hardly believed themselves in this weak excuse.

How much they had expected of this young, almost too young Prince! Happiness and new ideas, changing, at last, the sleepy Court and castle into a place of pleasure and enjoyment. Visits of foreign princes, balls, hunting, a ball of the citizens in the new town hall, an interest in the opera house, and, at any rate, a pleasant face and sympathy for the wishes of the town and of the land.

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What a handsome young prince Karl Heinrich had been, so natural and so kind! When a child, in the presence of strangers, he had always shown great reserve and diffidence, but, then he was only a child!

When His Serene Highness now rode through Karlburg, his adjutant beside him, he replied indifferently and coldly to all salutes. He received the deputies of the various towns in regal style, but only made short answers to their speeches. During the past ten years, the late Prince had been proud, haughty and imperious, but the young Prince seemed to be even more so.

The equerries and the people at Court comforted each other by saying: "This will all change when he is married," and this delusion found an echo in the citizens: "When he is only married."

The wedding was fixed for the 30th of May; the solemn entrance of the princely couple into Karlburg would take place on the 4th of June. On the 5th of June a great torchlight procession of the citizens, on the 6th a great Court festival in the castle, receptions, audiences and festivities of all sorts during the following three days.

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In the Lord Chamberlain's office they worked day and night, a feverish zeal possessed castle and town, a great desire to prepare everything in good order. The only one who was, as usual, cold and indifferent was he in whose honor all this was being done.

About twelve days before the wedding, something happened which, although it had no after consequences, kept everyone, for a few days, in a state of great excitement. A funny looking old man, in a dress-coat of antiquated style, was brought to the equerry on duty, who introduced him to His Excellency the Lord Chamberlain. The old fellow had tried, in a very unceremonious way, to gain an entrance to the castle, pretending all the time that he wished to speak with His Serene Highness.

"The man's name is Kellermann," explained the equerry to His Excellency, "and he comes from Heidelberg. He wants to ask a favor of His Highness, the fulfillment of which His Highness had promised him faithfully in Heidelberg."

His Excellency the Lord Chamberlain, overworked and nervous, commanded them

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to send the fellow away, to tell him to send in his petition in the usual way; but a presentiment told the equerry that His Highness might want to see the old man. During dinner, he took occasion to mention the matter to His Highness.

"You say Kellermann?"

"Yes, Your Highness, the man's name is Kellermann."

"From Heidelberg?"

"Yes, Your Highness, from Heidelberg."

"Very well. Send the man to my room when dinner is over."

With the same calm, cold expression as usual, the Prince finished his dinner, without undue haste, but a flood of recollections almost overwhelmed him. Kellermann! Heidelberg! One of them! To see one of them at last! Even if only Kellermann! Poor Kellermann!

Coldly and indifferently he left his equeries, went across to his library and opened his writing desk. There was his cap, the tri-colored sash, the three faded roses. . .

The lackeys in the ante-room looked at each other and shook their heads. Again they looked at each other and again they

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shook their heads. For two hours that strange looking fellow had been closeted with His Highness and was still with him.

If they could only have looked inside and seen the old man, in his shabby coat, sitting in His Highness' armchair, while the Prince had put his hand on Kellermann's shoulder, and was bending over him, smiling with quivering lips!

"This Kellermann! He shall become my head cellarman! He hasn't forgotten what I promised him long ago, coming even from Heidelberg and in a dress-suit and top-hat. Let me look at you, Kellermann. Oh, how funny!"

He laughed, the first time in years.

"All right, Kellermann, you shall stay; you shall be my head cellarman, that's understood. But I expect you are hungry and thirsty now. When did you arrive?" He pressed the button: "Bring wine and food for this gentleman. Yes, here. No formalities!"

Twice he went up and down the room, then stopped before the old man:

"Look at me, Kellermann. Do you still know me? Did you recognize me?"

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“Certainly.”

“Really? Did you?” His face grew sober again. For a moment he put both his hands to his temples and stared straight in front of him. “It’s two years ago! People change so in that time, many things may happen in two years!”

After a while he looked up wearily, for Kellermann had timidly asked him a question.

“Bring your wife! Why, certainly. But she can’t do my laundry now, as she used to in Heidelberg. Or did you think she could?” He smiled again, and so did Herr Kellermann.

“And, now, Kellermann, tell me all; that is, the principal things. Tell me of Heidelberg and of everybody.”

But this narration did not come very smoothly. He did not say a word of his own accord, but waited to be questioned; every question had to be put very simply, and only after answering that could he put his mind on a new subject. He was like an old chronicle, out of which facts are gleaned only after laborious searching, but he had this advantage over those old

OLD HEIDELBERG

books; he was more certain, and answered at once.

Herr Bilz was still with "Saxonia;" also little Hammerschmidt, who had failed to pass the Easter examination. Herr von Bansin was now the best fighter in Heidelberg, remaining term after term for love of it; but all the others had left, most of them having been gone some time.

"Ernst von Heidenreich?"

"Gone to Berlin."

"Franzius?"

"Gone to Berlin."

"And fat Kurt Engelbrecht?"

Herr Kellermann looked serious and said, in a subdued voice:

"Gone to the other side, to America."

Only three were left in Heidelberg! The last three of that merry crew who had never thought of the future, who had lived as if they were to remain together forever! And now they were scattered in all directions!

The servant brought wine and food, which Herr Kellermann seemed to enjoy, and, after a long interval, he again answered the Prince's questions: where the

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Doctor was buried, and if Kellermann had seen the grave; who lived now in Frau Dorf-fel's rooms; did they still go to the castle for their morning glass; did they go every Monday to Neckarsteinach, as they did then; was Herr Roux still the fencing master and what of the fights; did the Korps fight in Heidelberg or in the villages, and then:

"How is Miss Katie?"

"Katie?"

"Yes, Miss Katie, in Ruder's restaurant?"

His voice broke and he blushed furiously. But Herr Kellermann did not notice anything, and answered, indifferently:

"Yes, she is still there."

"At Ruder's?"

"Yes, at Ruder's."

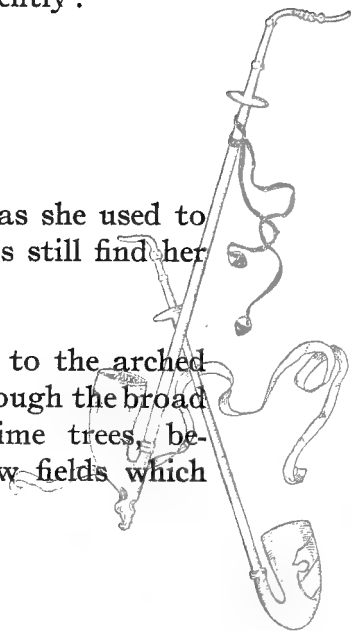
"And—and—how is she?"

"She is quite well."

"She is still there? Just as she used to be? Those who visit Ruder's still find her there?"

"Certainly."

Karl Heinrich walked over to the arched window and looked out. Through the broad path between the rows of lime trees, beyond the park, where he saw fields which



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stretched away into the blue distance. Far below on the castle walls, before the broad moat, blossomed the lilacs, and over the water flew the swallows, often passing close to the window.

For two lonely years he had lived here, far from the merry world, at the sickbed of a pessimistic old man, who would not die and who held him fast in his slowly numbing hands. As for himself, he had been too weak and too cowardly to tear himself away forcibly.

Two long years! Two years, in which he might have been happy! They seemed to him like decades. And beyond these decades lay his short youth, of which he had scarcely thought and had now nearly forgotten! Forgotten! Only weaklings forget like that!

Heidelberg, the Korps, Katie—they were indistinct memories, vague as a dream, and now, this man had come and had spoken of all this again, had told him that everything was the same, the same as before—that there in Heidelberg, a day's journey, some hundred miles distant, the same people still lived! That they enjoyed their

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lives, drank, laughed, loved—and all this without him, just as if a Prince Karl Heinrich had never existed, or, at least, had never been necessary to them!

Out of the background of the room sounded Herr Kellermann's voice, speaking for the first time without being questioned. Heavily and slowly, as if he was announcing some deep philosophy, about which he had been thinking during the last silent minutes, he said:

"Heidelberg is not the same place that it used to be. They all say so, even Herr Bilz."

"Not the same place?"

"Not as it was once, while you were there."

Karl Heinrich's eyes shone:

"Do they say so? Do they all say so? Do they still talk of me in Heidelberg, Kellermann?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did nobody ever ask"—he took the old man by both shoulders and pulled him up—"if I would ever come back? Or why I didn't come back?"

"Yes, yes, very often."

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"And the little one—the little girl at Ruder's?"

"Katie?" Herr Kellermann was a little puzzled. Slowly he searched his memory. "Katie?" Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, a chain of recollections opened in his brain, and, half talking to himself, he nodded his head:

"Katie! That's right! Yes, yes! She has cried very much!"

* * * * *

"Please take care of the old man, my dear Excellency. The man stood near me during my life in Heidelberg, I should like to know that he is well cared for."

The Lord Chamberlain was happy. Those were the first kind words His Highness had ever spoken to him. And how curiously the Prince had spoken! So moved. None of that usual cold reserve, which froze everything around the Prince. But, what had happened! "My dear Excellency!"

His Excellency himself accompanied the old man to his rooms, the servants flew, kitchen and cellar gave their best; Herr Kellermann might well be satisfied!

But what had happened!

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At a late hour that night, the Prince was still up. Youth—his lost, forgotten youth—had knocked once more at the door, and Karl Heinrich's tired, hardened heart was touched.

In a few days he would go to bring his bride to the castle of Karlburg, and on that day would begin for him the long years of a settled life. From that day on everything was clear, prescribed, calculated; every step and every action planned beforehand; the whole future life a straight road, in which there is no chance turning until the end is reached. The life of a citizen can be full of changes, full of ups and downs, but that of a Prince is calculated and adjusted, certain and monotonous for all time.

Only one friend, who might sit there now and say:

“It can't be helped, Karl Heinrich, you must bear it.”

Some one to comfort and cheer him!

“My God! My God!”

He was beside himself.

Deathly silence!

Outside in the park the night wind rustled through the trees, but the castle

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slept. Karlburg slept—the town, the country, everything was sleeping here.

Midnight! There they sat in Ruder's garden in Heidelberg; they sang, drank, laughed, and, looking at the clock, said: "It's only midnight."

And then Katie, in her white apron, came through the garden, yawning and rubbing her eyes with her little fists; they all laughed, and Karl Heinrich held up his glass to her:

"Drink, Katie; wake up!"

"Prosit, Karl Heinz! Live long and well!"

Who said that! He got up, and from the window he looked into the dimly lighted room. Who had spoken those words! There, outside of the room, somewhere!

"It was the Doctor's voice! "Prosit, Karl Heinz, live long and well!"

The Prince trembled all over. He crossed the room, turned on the light and emptied a large wineglass at one draught.

"Live long and well!" Yes, he lived, and the Doctor, who had said this a thousand times, mouldered in the grave.

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“Live long and well!” Yes, Karl Heinz still lived, a beautiful life!

He filled the glass again and lifted it up. He stared at the dark corner, raising the glass:

“Doctor!”

And, when the dead silence continued:
“To you!”

* * * * *

Herr Lutz sat outside in the waiting-room fighting with sleep, for hours. Not since the time at Heidelberg had he been kept awake so late. At various times he listened at the door to see if His Highness while sitting at his writing-desk, had not been overcome by sleep, but, again and again, he heard the muffled steps of the Prince, as he walked up and down. What had happened!

But Herr Lutz could no longer think. He was so weary that his body seemed still awake, but his brain was entirely numb. What a good thing that the wedding was soon to come off. Then he would go to bed punctually and live as he should.

At last—it was about three o’clock—he heard the welcome call of the bell.

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"All right!"

Herr Lutz arose and in the next moment he was in His Highness' room.

The morning was breaking, and, in the pale light, the Prince stood at the window, indistinct in the grey shadows of the dawn.

"Are you still awake, Lutz?"

"Most certainly, Your Highness."

"You mustn't go to sleep, Lutz. Wake up the servants, I want my trunks packed. Let someone inform His Excellency the Lord Chamberlain. I am going on a journey."

"Going on——?"

"You shall accompany me, you alone, Lutz. We are going to Heidelberg."

"H—Heidelberg——?"

"Only for a day or two. We shall be back Saturday evening. There is not a minute to be lost. Hurry up!"

Herr Lutz went, his head bent low, like one who has been given a severe blow and who is therefore unable to think.

Karl Heinrich still stood at the window, and, with a beaming face, looked out at the bright morning.

"Once more!"

"Just once more!"



CHAPTER VIII

ONCE more Karl Heinrich was on his way to Heidelberg.

It was in May, just as it was two years ago. He passed the same villages, mills, fields and towns as then, the train climbed the heights of the Main and there, there, in the distance, lay South Germany.

The sun was high in the heaven, it was hot, almost suffocating. The Prince pulled the curtains down and shut his eyes; he was tired. He had not slept for thirty hours and now a reaction was replacing the passionate excitement of the night before.

What object did he have in making this journey? None. What did he want in Heidelberg, anyway? They wouldn't know what to think in Karlburg now, and everyone, from Secretary of State down to the last stable boy, would call this journey the act of a madman, a stupid, rash deed, of which only a young student could be capable.

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Nervously he put his head between his hands: it would be best, perhaps, to return and not finish this Quixotic journey.

But, then, they would be even more surprised, and would shake their wise heads. Everyone in the world can allow himself such extravagances occasionally—everyone except the one hundreds of thousands look up to, and whose slightest action is criticised.

It was terribly hot; he raised the blinds again and leaned far out of the window, so that the cloud of dust raised by the train whirled about his head.

“Nothing matters!” Let those spies at home laugh or make fun of him, let them,—to-day he, Karl Heinrich, was a free man!

On, On! How the train rushed along! Farther and farther! No one could catch him now! The yelping pack remained far behind and he was free! He shut his eyes and let the wind blow full in his face. That was good, it felt like a fight!

Wasn't it the same sensation he had felt so long ago when the tall “Vandalia” student had struck him through his guard

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in the face, again and again! Grand!
Ready for fight!

To fight! What is there finer on God's earth! Nothing more horrible than this slow dozing and sleeping, to be made much of, but still to be under guardianship and, worse than all else, to slowly moulder away.

His muscles were tense almost to bursting. On! On! To-night in Heidelberg! They had not yet subdued him in Karlbürg, he still had the courage to make this wild, lawless journey! And he should be happy, happy for only two days, but two such happy days!

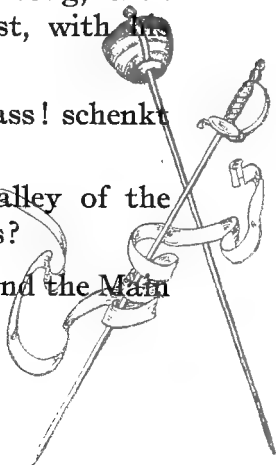
“Wer reitet mit zwanzig Knappen ein
Zu Heidelberg im Hirschen?”

Half to himself he sang the song, then louder and louder, and, at last, with his full voice:

“Hollaheh! den Hahn ins Fass! schenkt
ein!”

Before him lay the sunny valley of the Main. How is it the song runs?

“... I see the country round the Main
lie at my feet—”



OLD HEIDELBERG

It is so beautiful here, so beautiful!

And he was still so young—he, Karl Heinz! Only twenty-two years old. The whole world ought to have been open to him, but at home they had taken his light and air, they had walled him in.

Arrived in Frankfort, he thought for a moment of leaving the train. The station restaurant was right in front of him, and everyone was crowding to get in. Why didn't he go along with the others? He did it two years ago, when he went there with the Doctor, enjoying the new-found liberty. Nobody knew him excepting, perhaps, the guards and Lutz—so why shouldn't he?

"Twenty minutes' stop!" the guards called out, and all the travelers went into the various parts of the station. Only a few elderly ladies remained in their compartments.

Karl Heinrich got up and started to leave, but went back again and closed the door. He had become more dependent on others than ever, more so even than two years ago. It was so easy to go there like the others, to move about quietly, to call

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the waiter, to order something and to pay—but, still, he could not. He could not. He tried once more, but a cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. The train had left Frankfort long since, but the Prince still sat back on his cushions, staring at the opposite wall, his arms hanging down weakly.

“I am like a marionette, able to dance only when the wires are pulled. Stupid as a child, and as cowardly!”

A grim smile passed across his face. He was running away to be free, if only for two days! He who could hardly walk a step alone! He who knocked himself at every turn, looked at everything in the wrong light and who wouldn't be able to speak one natural word in Heidelberg!

Village after village passed by. Weinheim—here he had danced for half a night with a beautiful blond, whose lovely hair hung down her back in two long braids.

Jugenheim. He smiled weakly. Here had occurred that mad affair with the young ladies from the convent at Darmstadt.

And that was only two years ago! No longer?

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Another ten minutes, eight, five, three—then the first houses—and now: The Neckar.

His heart was nearly bursting.

“Heidelberg!”

“Five minutes’ stop!”

Once the Doctor, with his dry humor, had said: “A year’s stop;” a faint smile passed over Karl Heinrich’s face, and, leaning against the door, waiting for the guard, he murmured to himself: “Two days’ stop—two days—two——”

He passed through the crowd, Lutz beside him, and entered a carriage. He knew every house they passed, and even saw them all, but his thoughts were far away, were nowhere. “A year’s stop”—that was all he could think of. Also that, for the Doctor, that “one year’s stop” had become an eternal residence. But this thought was not a sentimental one, but came to him like a mathematical deduction, entering his head because his brain refused, just then, to think of something reasonable. He might just as well have thought: “Three times nine are twenty-seven.” It seemed as if his head and his thinking powers were

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exposed to an enormous pressure, reducing his brain to the size of a hazelnut.

The carriage drove across the market-place: there was Frau Dorffel's house, with the six front windows behind which he had lived.

He nodded stupidly to himself: "Yes, yes!"

Arriving at the Hotel Prinz Carl, Herr Lutz whispered a few words into the head porter's ear, and, in a few seconds the whole house was in a state of excitement.

Everybody bowed deeply when the Prince, with his cold, indifferent face, went up the stairs. Herr Lutz, looking anxiously at his master, gave him his arm for support, and the Prince leaned heavily on it, until they reached his rooms, where he sat down in an armchair.

With closed eyes, the Prince sat there for some time.

"Your Highness——"

"What is it?" He opened his eyes and looked about like one just aroused from a long, heavy dream.

"Your Highness should take some rest, Your Highness is overtired."

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And as the Prince stared at him, apparently without seeing or understanding him, he added :

“Your Highness is in Heidelberg.”

“Yes, yes.”

A faint, tired smile passed across Karl Heinrich’s face, a smile which Herr Lutz did not notice, or, at least, did not understand.

“In Heidelberg. Quite right. Yes, I will go to sleep now.”

* * * * *

Dressed to perfection, the tri-colored sash across the low-cut dress waistcoat, in every way “*comme il faut*,” the Korps “Saxonia,” consisting of five “old gentlemen,” ten “Burschen,” and eight “foxes,” assembled in His Highness’ reception room, to be received by him in audience.

It was ten o’clock in the morning.

They stood about in groups, whispering to each other. Herr Bilz went from one to another and, in his melancholy voice, gave the last instructions, especially to the two younger men. But Herr Bilz was excited himself. He had been in Heidelberg for twenty-four terms and had made the acquaintance of many men, but never had he

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spoken to a real reigning Prince. He thought of the speech with which he would welcome His Highness, but now found it stupid and absurd. Nothing was more difficult than this short speech. It might be too solemn or too cordial, too pathetic or too cool, by the least wrong word he might spoil everything.

Again he went over to the "foxes:" "You keep back until I give you a sign. Only speak when the Prince addresses you. For God's sake, Winz, look at yourself! What sort of a dress-coat have you got on?"

"I have borrowed it," Winz said, frightened.

"Oh, oh!" Herr Bilz's voice sounded even more melancholy, but he did not pursue the fatal subject. "Stay behind the others, let nobody see you!"

A feeling of awe seemed to have come over the whole Korps. A reigning Prince who, in a certain sense, belonged to "Saxonia," and who invited "Saxonia" to his rooms! There was no other Korps in Heidelberg that could boast of such an honor.

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Someone in a dress-coat and silk breeches pushed open the doors and then stepped solemnly aside. For a few seconds, they gazed into the next room; then steps were heard, coming across the soft carpet, and in the open doorway stood the Prince.

He was dressed in a black morning coat. His face was pale, except that on his left cheek glowed two red scars. His right hand was raised, as if to give it to the first one he recognized.

But in the room before him, all were bowing deeply. Herr Bilz stepped to the front:

“Your Highness——”

His look encountered that of his former friend, who stared at him as if to say: “Aren’t you coming? Won’t you give me your hand? Karl Bilz! . . .

And Herr Bilz lost his nerve:

“Your Highness give—have—do us the honor—we are all grateful—and honor, which everyone of us—knows how to appreciate—and therefore—we beg to welcome Your Highness to Heidelberg in all sincerity, most heartily and respectfully.”

The Prince took a step forward and

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nodded curtly. His face was cold and stern again.

"Will you be kind enough, Herr Bilz, to introduce to me your Korps brothers."

Herr Bilz obeyed. He got the names all mixed, but that didn't matter.

And the Prince spoke to each one of them.

"How many terms have you been here?"
"How do you like Heidelberg?" "You study law?" "Where do your parents live?" "Will you stay here for some time?"—and so on.

After the introductions were over, he addressed Herr Bilz:

"Will you and the other gentlemen be my guests for dinner? I am leaving to-night, so please come at three o'clock."

He nodded curtly, bowed to the rest of them and returned to his room.

The gentleman in dress-coat and silk breeches closed the doors—the audience was over.

Ten carriages, in which the students had arrived and in which they now drove home, stood most solemnly before the hotel. Pride glowed on the young faces, and all Heidel-

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berg, students and citizens, gazed after them. The Prince had received them in a solemn audience, they really were to be envied!

Karl Heinrich stood in the middle of his room, leaning heavily on the back of a chair. The ridiculous dream of two days was over. . . .

At noon, the Prince drove, in a closed carriage, to the cemetery. He had fought with himself as to whether he ought to fulfill this last duty which bound him to Heidelberg or not, but at last his better self conquered, and he went.

The grave-digger, who did not know him, took him to the Doctor's last resting place and said, excusing himself: "It is not in order as yet, but there is always a lot to do in the beginning of Spring, and we shall start here next week."

"It's all right."

The man wanted to tell him more, but he sent him away.

A little white plant had overgrown the whole grave, several faded wreaths, with dirty silk ribbons, lay at one side, the iron fence stood bare and unfinished, and the only thing of dignity about the grave was

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the marble cross, with the inscription: "To his friend and teacher, in grateful remembrance.—Karl Heinrich, Prince von Karlburg."

For a long time, Karl Heinrich looked down upon this forgotten grave, which had certainly not been visited by anyone since the poor Doctor's burial. He bent down and broke off one of the silver-grey leaves, to keep it, but soon after, he took it thoughtlessly between his lips, and finally dropped it.

It was remarkable how quietly and indifferently he remained at the grave of one who was once his friend! Suddenly, he had the ridiculous feeling that the departed, while alive, had really often neglected his duty, and—look at it in whatever way you please—had, as a tutor, permitted himself extraordinary liberties.

The terrible awakening of to-day, the hopelessness, the icy coldness of the past two years—all this rushed upon his memory.

What, this man down there, he had been his only friend! What a shame! A drunkard, a chatter-box, a man without any serious thoughts whatever!

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And yet, the Doctor had meant well, he really had.

They had spent many happy hours together—long ago, in Karlburg, when the Doctor, contrary to orders, gave him cigarettes, which they smoked in a room far up in the tower. He smiled. And then here, in Heidelberg! He turned to look for the castle, which stood forth in relief against the forest green.

What a crazy fellow the Doctor was then! How comically he used to play on a concertina, so that all the Englishmen stopped to listen, their staid British faces breaking into smiles.

“Prosit, Karl Heinz, live happy and well!” The Doctor’s eternal toast.

The Prince bowed his head over the neglected grave: “Poor Doctor!”

He took the faded wreaths and put them outside the railing. With both hands he pulled out the weeds which grew a foot high between grave and fence, and threw them out, also. He worked for more than half an hour to clear the narrow paths round the grave inside the enclosure.

When he had finished, he sighed deeply.

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How much nicer and brighter it looked now! He took off his soiled gloves and was going to throw them out with the wreaths and weeds, but, instead of doing so, he folded them and put them in his pocket.

When, half an hour later, he left the cemetery, he felt better. And if this journey of yesterday and to-day to Heidelberg had been to no purpose, his time had not been entirely lost. The hour at the Doctor's grave alone was worth it all.

* * * * *

The conversation at the dinner table was not a lively one, but it was not the fault of the host. Karl Heinrich sat in the center, next to Karl Bilz, who was slowly overcoming his embarrassment and who had nothing else to do but to tell of the past two years. Twice the Prince raised his glass to him: "To your health, my dear Bilz!" After the third course, the Senior arose and, at the end of a short speech, called upon the Korps "to drink to the health of him, who, being a member of "Saxonia," furnishes the brightest spot in the history of the Korps, now and for all time. His Highness proves, by his presence

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among us, that he remembers with pleasure the happy time which I and all those who took part in it, will never forget."

A jubilant "Hoch" rang through the room, the waiters rushed round the tables with champagne, the glasses clicked, and, bowing on all sides, touching his glass lightly with those of his neighbors, the Prince stood in the midst of them all.

They all grew livelier, and when, shortly before dinner was over, the Prince raised his glass, and, after a few friendly words, saluted the Korps with "Saxonia, vivat, floreat, crescat, in aeternum!"—the spell was broken. He was surrounded and cheered by everybody.

But this was at the height of the excitement, which could not continue long. Everyone grew quiet again. His Highness was certainly very affable, very kind and very nice, but even the most foolish "fox" felt that there was a line drawn somewhere. This soon showed itself. The conversation touched on the departure of the Prince. He looked at his watch and said that he would have to leave in about an hour's time. But they all expressed a great deal

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of regret and begged him to stay that evening. Such a beautiful evening, too. They would go to the castle or to Neckargemund or take a trip on the Neckar, with music and Japanese lanterns!

The Prince smiled, but a little coldly and constrainedly. The well-meant but rather exaggerated urging became so general that, at last, he consented to stay. But from that time on, he sat there, quiet and mute, like one who has gone too far. And everybody seemed to recognize the fact. A general sentiment of restraint seemed to overspread the table, conversation became quieter, stopped, started again with difficulty, and finally stopped altogether. The heated faces looked stupid and the wine in the glasses remained untouched.

They took coffee at the castle, and up there, in the fresh air, the Prince became quite unconstrained again. It was a day of continually changing sentiments. A band was playing, all around sat the families of the Heidelberg professors and citizens, the ladies giving all their attention and looks to the young Prince. He knew most of them by sight; he had danced with the young

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lady over there in Jugenheim, she blushed furiously when he looked at her. Here, there, everywhere—well known faces.

The President of the University passed with his ladies, the Korps saluted, so did Karl Heinrich, and the President, who did not know him, returned the salute indifferently.

Just as it used to be!

Towards evening, the Prince strolled with his Korps along the hills and meadows of the Neckar. A deep peace had come over him. Herr Bilz walked beside him, talking of past events; he heard the voices of the others close behind him, but the words and sounds seemed to come from a distance. He felt like a tired wanderer who has but a day to rest. To-morrow he must go away, never to return to the students, to Heidelberg. He felt this without regret. They had all been very friendly and attentive, but, on the whole, he was a stranger to them. Instead of the old "Du" and "Karl Heinrich," it was now the stiff "Your Highness." He would not regret this day, for it had once more renewed his youth—not, however, in the golden sunshine of

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the morning, but in the dull light of evening.

Once or twice he glanced at Karl Bilz. Years ago they had done the same foolish things, had drunk and fought together, said "du" to each other, and to-day, this same Karl Bilz walked beside him like a guide, relating matters of interest to His Highness out of the chronicles of Heidelberg.

No! He ought to have gone! And to-day! Viewing it in the proper light, he felt that this day had slowly killed all the recollections of his youth and that they would never be revived.

Not one word from the warm heart of a friend, not one who would say: "You have been our good friend and we all loved you. To-day you are raised far above us, but we shall always think of you, we will never forget you! We have been young together!"

But, nothing, nothing!!

"Over there is Neckargemund," said Herr Bilz.

"Yes, Neckargemund."

Late in the evening, they returned to



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Heidelberg in six boats. The musicians in the first boat played the eternal student songs, which, to those who hear them every day, sound so tiresome, but which go right to the heart of one who hears them again after long years.

The Prince sat in the second boat, his hand touching the water. After the heavy rain of the week before, the Neckar was very swift, so that they soon reached Heidelberg. In the distance, they saw, on the right bank, a wall lighted up by Japanese lanterns. "There is Ruder's restaurant," said Herr Bilz.

"Where?" Karl Heinrich started.

"Over there." And, after a few moments, Herr Bilz added: "The Korps do not visit Ruder's place any more, or very rarely. But Your Highness remembers Ruder? We spent many a night together there."

"Why don't the Korps visit Ruder's any more?"

"Well, there is no real cause. It is, here in Heidelberg as, perhaps, everywhere, a matter of fashion. It may be that the beer was no longer good. The Korps go to Neckargemund now."

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“Indeed!”

And it happens there is very little to do at Ruder’s now. New customers are not found so easily.”

The Prince did not answer. Out of the dark night, which lay over the Neckar, the lanterns came nearer. They were poor miserable lanterns, with small lights, swaying in the breeze. The wall reached out of the stream, massive and strong, while the lime trees in the feebly lighted garden shone in their pale green. The music in the first boat had stopped—only the splashing of the oars and individual words from the boat behind broke the silence.

Now the Prince’s boat was passing the wall. He got a glimpse of the garden, which was nearly empty. On the right and farther back, sat a few people, and close to the wall stood a female figure, which, in the darkness, could be seen only in outline.

And slowly the lanterns disappeared, the boats drifted down stream.

Ruder’s restaurant. Then it disappeared in the night. Ruined also, also faded.

The music started again in the first boat, loud, shrill: “Light Cavalry!”

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Then the Prince started up, a cold perspiration breaking out on his forehead.

“Turn back!”

“What?” Herr Bilz and the four others in the boat were surprised.

“Tell them to turn back. To Ruder’s.”

“To——?”

“Yes.”

Herr Bilz was so surprised that for a moment he did not know what to do. But the others called out:

“Music! Turn back!”

With a loud discord, the music stopped, the other boats came up out of the dark, there was a lot of calling and questioning: “Turn back! To Ruder’s!!!” They had to be careful not to tip each other over. It took some time for the procession to get into order again, and rowing hard against the stream, they returned.

The music started, “Old Heidelberg, how beautiful,” the lanterns grew more and more distinct, then they saw a commotion in the garden, Herr Ruder running excitedly to the landing bridge, and there——

Katie!

There she was! She put her hand over

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her eyes, to peer more easily into the darkness. She waited quietly and let the musicians' boat, which made room for the others, pass her.

At last, she recognized the caps.

"The Saxonians! At last you are coming back!"

The first to jump ashore was Karl Bilz; she gave him her hand:

"You are such bad boys not to come here any more."

Then—her eyes opened wide, she took a step backward, as if a ghost out of the dark Neckar had appeared before her—then a scream, a scream which pierced everything and everybody:

"Karl Heinz!"

Everything was deathly still, not a word was spoken, only the Neckar roared and tossed the last boat violently against the beams of the landing:

"You! You!! You!!!"

She held him firmly and pressed close to him, close to his face.

* * * * *

It was a singular night, this last night in Heidelberg. With glowing and happy

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eyes, the young students looked at Karl Heinrich of Karlburg, who again wore cap and sash and sat among them, young as they themselves. They all seemed to understand now, what this night meant for him, who to-day, in bright daylight, had been so cold and silent.

A last night!

The band was playing, and, with a bright smile, which looked a little out of place on his sorrowful face, Herr Ruder walked up and down; outside of the hedge again stood the boys and girls of the neighborhood, who, for a long time, had missed the music in Ruder's garden.

Everything would turn out now for the best. All the students would come back every day, even more than formerly. He would have a memorial plate made, with the name of his distinguished guest, in remembrance of this day. And then—he could scarcely think—what good business would come.

* * * * *

“My darling Katie!”

Karl Heinrich put his arm round her neck, as they sat in the shadow of the

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two old lime trees. In the distance, they saw the well lighted garden, where Herr Ruder, though his guests had been there for hours, was still having new lanterns put up.

It was no longer the little, sweet Katie of long ago. There was a strange, sad, almost an aged expression on her face; but Karl Heinrich and the girl held each other closely, like two who have once more found each other only to say good-bye forever.

They did not talk much, they never had spoken much to each other. They said but little of the past two years, and the future was only just touched upon. What could they say about it!

She had read in the newspapers that he was to marry, and marry very soon; she knew it was inevitable.

"And you, Katie?"

"I am going back to Austria, Karl Heinz. Franzl writes me every three months to come back, he will marry me now."

Silently they sat close to each other, but from time to time she whispered, as she kissed him: "Karl Heinz," and he murmured back: "Katie."

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They exchanged their meagre reminiscences: "Do you still know?" "Do you remember when?"—all of no importance whatever, but which appeared, in this last hour, as beautiful as though they came from wonderland.

"Do you remember the day, Karl Heinz, when you went away?"

"Yes, my darling."

"And when you said: 'I am coming back!' And now you have come back."

He held her on his lap and rocked her slowly back and forth, lost in a dream. She, the only one he had found again in Heidelberg, the only one to remind him of his youth!

"Katie?"

"What, dear?"

"We will always love each other. I shall never forget you and you won't forget me. We will not see each other again, but we will not forget. Katie! I shall never forget you, never! never!! never!!!"

The music had stopped long ago, they had not noticed it.

The garden was empty, the students had gone, they had seen nothing. They had

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tactfully saved Karl Heinrich the saying of good-bye.

One after another of the lanterns went out, but Herr Ruder kept faithful guard on the veranda. There was no sound but the roar of the Neckar.

Hour after hour passed, until the first cock crowed and the grey morning shadows were gliding over the river.

Hand in hand they left the garden for the quiet road. Katie went with him for a hundred yards, up to the spot where the first gardens of the town begin.

Then they stood and embraced for the last time.

“Katie——”

“Karl Heinz——”

He looked back once more, before the winding of the road shut her from sight. There Katie stood, leaning against a tree, her arms hanging down weakly. He could no longer recognize her face; she did not move, she lifted no hand.

It was Sunday morning.

